1606/1512

HOMER's

ILIAD.

BRITISH MUSEUM
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MAR

THE ILIAD OF HOMER.

TRANSLATED BY

ALEXANDER POPE.

VOLUME FOURTH.

Qui cupit optatam curſu contingere metam,
Multa tulit, fecitque, puer——— Hor.

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BRITISH MUSEUM
MAR

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XIX.

THE ARGUMENT.

The reconciliation of Achilles and Agamemnon.

THETIS brings to her ſon the armour made by Vulcan. She preſerves the body of his friend from corruption, and commands him to aſſemble the army, to declare his reſentment at an end. Agamemnon and Achilles are ſolemnly reconciled: the ſpeeches, preſents, and ceremonies on that occaſion. Achilles is with great difficulty perſuaded to refrain from the battle till the troops have refreſhed themſelves, by the advice of Ulyſſes. The preſents are conveyed to the tent of Achilles; where Briſeis laments over the body of Patroclus. The hero obſtinately refuſes all repaſt, and gives himſelf up to lamentations for his friend. Minerva deſcends to ſtrengthen him, by the order of Jupiter. He arms for the fight; his appearance deſcribed. He addreſſes himſelf to his horſes, and reproaches them with the death of Patroclus. One of them is miraculouſly endued with voice, and inſpired to prophecy his fate; but the hero, not aſtoniſhed by that prodigy, ruſhes with fury to the combate.

The thirtieth day. The ſcene is on the ſea-ſhore.

SOON as Aurora heav'd her orient head
Above the waves that blush'd with early red,
(With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,
And gild the courts of heav'n with sacred light.)
Th' immortal arms the Goddess-mother bears
Swift to her son: her son she finds in tears,
Stretch'd o'er Patroclus' corse; while all the rest
Their sov'reign's sorrow in their own expreſt.
A ray divine her heav'nly presence shed,
And thus, his hand soft-touching, Thetis said.

Suppress (my son) this rage of grief, and know
It was not man, but heav'n that gave the blow;
Behold what arms by Vulcan are bestow'd,
Arms worthy thee, or fit to grace a god.

Then drops the radiant burden on the ground;
Clang the strong arms, and ring the shores around:
Back shrink the Myrmidons with dread surprise,
And from the broad effulgence turn their eyes.
Unmov'd, the hero kindles at the show,
And feels with rage divine his bosom glow;
From his fierce eye-balls living flames expire,
And flash incessant like a stream of fire:
He turns the radiant gift; and feeds his mind
On all th' immortal artist had design'd.

Goddess! (he cry'd) these glorious arms that shine
With matchless art, confess the hand divine.
Now to the bloody battle let me bend:
But ah! the relics of my slaughter'd friend!
In those wide wounds thro' which his spirit fled,
Shall flies and worms obscene, pollute the dead?

That unavailing care be laid aſide,
The azure Goddeſs to her ſon reply'd)
Whole years untouch'd, unin jur'd ſhall remain,
Freſh as in life, the carcaſe of the ſlain.
Let go, Achilles, (as affairs require)
Before the Grecian peers renounce thine ire:
Then uncontroul'd in boundleſs war engage,
And heav'n with ſtrength ſupply the mighty rage!
Then in the noſtrils of the ſlain ſhe pour'd
Nectareous drops, and rich ambroſia ſhower'd
O'er all the corſe: the flies forbid their prey,
Untouch'd it reſts, and ſacred from decay.
Achilles to the ſtrand obedient went;
The ſhores reſounded with the voice he ſent:
The heroes heard, and all the naval train
That tend the ſhips, or guide them o'er the main,
Alarm'd, tranſported, at the well-known ſound,
Frequent and full, the great aſſembly crown'd;
Studious to ſee that terror of the plain,
Long loſt to battle, ſhine in arms again.
Tydides and Ulyſſes firſt appear,
Lame with their wounds, and leaning on the ſpear;
Theſe on the ſacred ſeats of council plac'd,
The king of men, Atrides, came the laſt:
He too ſore wounded by Agenor's ſon.
Achilles (riſing in the midſt) begun.
O monarch! better far had been the fate
Of thee, of me, of all the Grecian ſtate,
If (ere the day when by mad paſſion ſway'd,
Raſh we contended for the black ey'd-maid)

Preventing Dian had diſpatch'd her dart,
And ſhot the ſhining miſchief to the heart!
Then many a hero had not preſs'd the ſhore,
Nor Troy's glad fields been fatten'd with our gore:
Long, long ſhall Greece the woes we caus'd, bewail,
And ſad poſterity repeat the tale.
But this, no more the ſubject of debate,
Is paſt, forgotten, and reſign'd to fate:
Why ſhould (alas) a mortal man, as I,
Burn with a fury that can never die?
Here then my anger ends: let war ſucceed,
And ev'n as Greece has bled, let Ilion bleed.
Now call the hoſts, and try, if in our ſight,
Troy yet ſhall dare to camp a ſecond night:
I deem, their mightieſt, when this arm he knows,
Shall 'ſcape with tranſport, and with joy repoſe.

He ſaid: his finiſh'd wrath with loud acclaim
The Greeks accept, and ſhout Pelides' name.
When thus, not riſing from his lofty throne,
In ſtate unmov'd, the king of men begun.

Hear me, ye ſons of Greece! with ſilence hear!
And grant your monarch an impartial ear;
A while your loud, unkimely joy ſuſpend,
And let your raſh, injurious clamours end:
Unruly murmurs, or ill-tim'd applauſe,
Wrong the beſt ſpeaker, and the juſteſt cauſe.
Nor charge on me, ye Greeks, the dire debate;
Know, angry Jove, and all-compelling Fate,
With fell Erinnys, urg'd my wrath that day
When from Achilles' arms I forc'd the prey.

What then cou'd I, againſt the will of heav'n?
Not by myſelf, but vengeful Ate driv'n;
She, Jove's dread daughter, fated to infeſt
The race of mortals, enter'd in my breaſt.
Not on the ground that haughty fury treads,
But prints her lofty footſteps on the heads
Of mighty men; inflicting as ſhe goes
Long-feſt'ring wounds, inextricable woes!
Of old, ſhe ſtalk'd amid the bright abodes;
And Jove himſelf, the ſire of men and Gods,
The world's great ruler, felt her venom'd dart;
Deceiv'd by Juno's wiles, and female art.
For when Alcmena's nine long months were run,
And Jove expected his immortal ſon;
To gods and goddeſſes th' unruly joy
He ſhow'd, and vaunted of his matchleſs boy:
From us (he ſaid) this day an infant ſprings,
Fated to rule, and born a king of kings.
Saturnia aſk'd an oath, to vouch the truth,
And fix'd dominion on the favour'd youth.
The thund'rer, unſuſpicious of the fraud,
Pronounc'd thoſe ſolemn words that bind a god.
The joyful goddeſs, from Olympus' height,
Swift to Achaian Argos bent her flight;
Scarce ſev'n moons gone, lay Sthenelus his wife;
She puſh'd her ling'ring infant into life:
Her charms Alcmena's coming labour ſtay,
And ſtop the babe, juſt iſſuing to the day.
Then bids Saturnius bear his oath in mind;
"A youth (ſaid ſhe) of Jove's immortal kind

" Is this day born: from Sthenelus he ſprings,
" And claims thy promiſe to be king of kings."
Grief ſeiz'd the thund'rer, by his oath engag'd;
Stung to the ſoul, he ſorrow'd, and he rag'd.
From his ambroſial head, where perch'd ſhe ſate,
He ſnatch'd the Fury-goddeſs of Debate,
The dread, th' irrevocable oath he ſwore,
Th' immortal ſeats ſhould ne'er behold her more;
And whirl'd her headlong down, for ever driv'n
From bright Olympus and the ſtarry heav'n:
Thence on the nether world the Fury fell;
Ordain'd with man's contentious race to dwell.
Full oft' the god his ſon's hard toils bemoan'd,
Curs'd the dire Fury, and in ſecret groan'd.
Ev'n thus, like Jove himſelf, was I miſled,
While raging Hector heap'd our camp with dead.
What can the errors of my rage atone?
My martial troops, my treaſures, are thy own:
This inſtant from the navy ſhall be ſent
Whate'er Ulyſſes promis'd at thy tent:
But thou! appeas'd, propitious to our pray'r,
Reſume thy arms, and ſhine again in war.

O king of nations! whoſe ſuperior ſway
(Returns Achilles) all our hoſts obey!
To keep, or ſend the preſents, be thy care;
To us, 'tis equal: all we aſk is war.
While yet we talk, or but an inſtant ſhun
The fight, our glorious work remains undone.
Let ev'ry Greek who ſees my ſpear confound
The Trojan ranks, and deal deſtruction round,

With emulation, what I act, ſurvey,
And learn from thence the buſineſs of the day.
The ſon of Peleus thus: and thus replies
The great in councils, Ithacus the wiſe.
Tho' godlike thou art by no toils oppreſt,
At leaſt our armies claim repaſt and reſt:
Long and laborious muſt the combate be,
When by the gods inſpir'd, and led by thee.
Strength is deriv'd from ſpirits and from blood,
And thoſe augment by gen'rous wine and food:
What boaſtful ſon of war, without that ſtay,
Can laſt a hero thro' a ſingle day?
Courage may prompt; but, ebbing out his ſtrength,
Mere unſupported man muſt yield at length;
Shrunk with dry famine, and with toils declin'd,
The dropping body will deſert the mind:
But built anew with ſtrength conferring fare,
With limbs and ſoul untam'd, he tires a war.
Diſmiſs the people then, and give command,
With ſtrong repaſt to hearten ev'ry band;
But let the preſents, to Achilles made,
In full aſſembly of all Greece be laid.
The king of men ſhall riſe in public ſight,
And ſolemn ſwear (obſervant of the rite)
That ſpotleſs as ſhe came, the maid removes,
Pure from his arms, and guiltleſs of his loves.
That done, a ſumptuous banquet ſhall be made,
And the full price of injur'd honour paid.
Stretch not henceforth, O prince! thy ſov'reign might,
Beyond the bounds of reaſon and of right;

'Tis the chief praiſe that e'er to kings belong'd,
To right with juſtice, whom with pow'r they wrong'd.
To him the monarch: Juſt is thy decree,
Thy words give joy, and wiſdom breathes in thee.
Each due atonement gladly I prepare;
And heav'n regard me as I juſtly ſwear!
Here then a while let Greece aſſembled ſtay,
Nor great Achilles grudge this ſhort delay;
'Till from the fleet our preſents be convey'd,
And, Jove atteſting, the firm compact made.
A train of noble youth the charge ſhall bear;
Theſe to ſelect, Ulyſſes, be thy care:
In order rank'd let all our gifts appear,
And the fair train of captives cloſe the rear:
Talthybius ſhall the victim boar convey,
Sacred to Jove, and yon' bright orb of day.
For this (the ſtern Æacides replies)
Some leſs important ſeaſon may ſuffice,
When the ſtern fury of the war is o'er,
And wrath extinguiſh'd burns my breaſt no more.
By Hector ſlain, their faces to the ſky,
All grim with gaping wounds, our heroes ly:
Thoſe call to war! and might my voice incite,
Now, now, this inſtant, ſhou'd commence the fight.
Then, when the day's complete, let gen'rous bowls
And copious banquets, glad your weary ſouls.
Let not my palate know the taſte of food,
'Till my inſatiate rage be cloy'd with blood:
Pale lies my friend, with wounds disfigur'd o'er,
And his cold feet are pointed to the door.

Revenge is all my ſoul! no meaner care,
Int'reſt, or thought, has room to harbour there;
Deſtruction be my feaſt, and mortal wounds,
And ſcenes of blood, and agonizing ſounds.
O firſt of Greeks (Ulyſſes thus rejoin'd)
The beſt and braveſt of the warrior-kind!
Thy praiſe it is in dreadful camps to ſhine,
But old experience and calm wiſdom, mine.
Then hear my counſel, and to reaſon yield,
The braveſt ſoon are ſatiate of the field;
Tho' vaſt the heaps that ſtrow the crimſon plain,
The bloody harveſt brings but little gain:
The ſcale of conqueſt ever wav'ring lies,
Great Jove but turns it, and the victor dies!
The great, the bold, by thouſands daily fall,
And endleſs were the grief, to weep for all.
Eternal ſorrows what avails to ſhed?
Greece honours not with ſolemn faſts the dead:
Enough, when death demands the brave, to pay
The tribute of a melancholy day.
One chief with patience to the grave reſign'd,
Our care devolves on others left behind.
Let gen'rous food ſupplies of ſtrength produce,
Let riſing ſpirits flow from ſprightly juice,
Let their warm heads with ſcenes of battle glow,
And pour new furies on the feebler foe.
Yet a ſhort interval, and none ſhall dare
Expect a ſecond ſummons to the war;
Who waits for that, the dire effects ſhall find,
If trembling in the ſhips he lags behind.

Embodied, to the battle let us bend,
And all at once on haughty Troy deſcend.
And now the delegates Ulyſſes ſent,
To bear the preſents from the royal tent.
The ſons of Neſtor, Phylius' valiant heir,
Thias and Merion, thunderbolts of war,
With Lycomedes of Creiontian ſtrain,
And Menalippus; form'd the choſen train.
Swift as the word was giv'n, the youths obey'd;
Twice ten bright vaſes in the midſt they laid;
A row of ſix fair tripods then ſucceeds;
And twice the number of high-bounding ſteeds:
Sev'n captives next a lovely line compoſe;
The eight Briſeis, like the blooming roſe,
Clos'd the bright band: great Ithacus, before,
Firſt of the train, the golden talents bore:
The reſt in public view the chiefs diſpoſe:
A ſplendid ſcene! then Agamemnon roſe.
The boar Talthybius held: the Grecian lord
Drew the broad cutlace ſheath beſide his ſword;
The ſtubborn briſtles from the victim's brow
He crops, and off'ring meditates his vow.
His hands uplifted to th' atteſting ſkies,
On heav'n's broad marble roof were fix'd his eyes,
The ſolemn words a deep attention draw,
And Greece around ſat thrill'd with ſacred awe.
Witneſs thou firſt! thou greateſt pow'r above!
All-good, all-wiſe, and all-ſurveying Jove!
And mother Earth, and heav'n's revolving light,
And ye, fell Furies of the realms of night,

Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare
For perjur'd kings, and all who falsely swear!
The black-ey'd maid inviolate removes,
Pure and unconscious of my manly loves.
If this be false, heav'n all its vengeance shed,
And levell'd thunder strike my guilty head!
With that, his weapon deep inflicts the wound;
The bleeding savage tumbles to the ground:
The sacred herald rolls the victim slain
(A feast for fish) into the foaming main.
Then thus Achilles. Hear, ye Greeks! and know
Whate'er we feel, 'tis Jove inflicts the woe:
Not else Atrides could our rage inflame,
Nor from my arms, unwilling, force the dame.
'Twas Jove's high will alone, o'er-ruling all,
That doom'd our strife, and doom'd the Greeks to fall.
Go then, ye chiefs! indulge the genial rite;
Achilles waits ye, and expects the fight.
The speedy council at his word adjourn'd;
To their black vessels all the Greeks return'd.
Achilles sought his tent. His train before
March'd onward, bending with the gifts they bore.
Those in the tents the squires industrious spread;
The foaming coursers to the stalls they led.
To their new seats the female captives move;
Briseis, radiant as the queen of love,
Slow as she past, beheld with sad survey
Where, gash'd with cruel wounds, Patroclus lay.
Prone on the body fell the heav'nly fair,
Beat her sad breast, and tore her golden hair;

All-beautiful in grief, her humid eyes,
Shining with tears, she lifts, and thus she cries.

Ah youth! for ever dear, for ever kind,
Once tender friend of my distracted mind!
I left thee fresh in life, in beauty gay;
Now find thee cold, inanimated clay!
What woes my wretched race of life attend!
Sorrows on sorrows, never doom'd to end!
The first lov'd consort of my virgin bed
Before these eyes in fatal battle bled:
My three brave brothers in one mournful day
All trod the dark, irremeable way:
Thy friendly hand up-rear'd me from the plain,
And dry'd my sorrows for a husband slain;
Achilles' care you promis'd I should prove,
The first, the dearest partner of his love,
That rites divine should ratify the band;
And make me empress in his native land.
Accept these grateful tears! for thee they flow,
For thee, that ever felt another's woe!

Her sister captives echo'd groan for groan,
Nor mourn'd Patroclus' fortunes, but their own.
The leaders press'd the chief on ev'ry side;
Unmov'd he heard them, and with sighs deny'd.

If yet Achilles have a friend, whose care
Is bent to please him, this request forbear:
Till yonder sun descend, ah let me pay
To grief and anguish one abstemious day.

He spoke, and from the warriors turn'd his face:
Yet still the brother-kings of Atreus' race,

Neſtor, Idomeneus, Ulyſſes ſage,
And Phoenix; ſtrive to calm his grief and rage:
His rage they calm not, nor his grief controul;
He groans, he raves, he ſorrows from his ſoul.
Thou too, Patroclus! (thus his heart he vents)
Haſt ſpread th' inviting banquet in our tents;
Thy ſweet ſociety, thy winning care,
Oft ſtay'd Achilles, ruſhing to the war.
But now, alas! to death's cold arms reſign'd,
What banquet but revenge can glad my mind?
What greater ſorrow could afflict my breaſt,
What more, if hoary Peleus were deceaſt?
Who now, perhaps, in Phthia dreads to hear
His ſon's ſad fate, and drops a tender tear.
What more, ſhould Neoptolemus the brave,
(My only offſpring) ſink into the grave?
If yet that offſpring lives, (I diſtant far,
Of all neglectful, wage a hateful war)
I could not this, this cruel ſtroke attend;
Fate claim'd Achilles, but might ſpare his friend.
I hop'd Patroclus might ſurvive, to rear
My tender orphan with a parent's care,
From Scyros iſle conduct him o'er the main,
And glad his eyes with his paternal reign,
The lofty palace, and the large domain.
For Peleus breathes no more the vital air;
Or drags a wretched life of age and care,
But till the news of my ſad fate invades
His haſt'ning ſoul, and ſinks him to the ſhades.
Sighing he ſaid: his grief the heroes join'd,
Each ſtole a tear for what he left behind.

Their mingled grief the ſire of heav'n ſurvey'd,
And thus, with pity, to his blue-ey'd maid.
Is then Achilles now no more thy care,
And doſt thou thus deſert the great in war?
Lo, where yon' ſails their canvas wings extend,
All comfortleſs he ſits, and wails his friend:
Ere thirſt and want his forces have oppreſt,
Haſte and infuſe ambroſia in his breaſt.
He ſpoke, and ſudden as the word of Jove
Shot the deſcending goddeſs from above.
So ſwift through aether the ſhrill Harpye ſprings,
The wide air floating to her ample wings.
To great Achilles ſhe her flight addreſt,
And pour'd divine ambroſia in his breaſt,
With nectar ſweet, (refection of the gods!)
Then, ſwift aſcending, ſought the bright abodes.
Now iſſued from the ſhips the warrior train,
And like a deluge pour'd upon the plain.
As when the piercing blaſts of Boreas blow,
And ſcatter o'er the fields the driving ſnow;
From duſky clouds the fleecy winter flies,
Whoſe dazling luſtre whitens all the ſkies:
So helms ſucceeding helms, ſo ſhields from ſhields
Catch the quick beams, and brighten all the fields;
Broad-glitt'ring breaſt-plates, ſpears with pointed rays
Mix in one ſtream, reflecting blaze on blaze:
Thick beats the center as the courſers bound,
With ſplendour flame the ſkies, and laugh the fields around.
Full in the midſt, high-tow'ring o'er the reſt,
His limbs in arms divine Achilles dreſt;

ms which the father of the fire beſtow'd,
rg'd on th' eternal anvils of the God.
rief and revenge his furious heart inſpire,
s glowing eye-balls roll with living fire,
e grinds his teeth, and furious with delay
erlooks th' embattled hoſt, and hopes the bloody day.
The ſilver cuiſhes firſt his thighs infold;
hen o'er his breaſt was brac'd the hollow gold:
he brazen ſword a various baldric ty'd,
hat, ſtarr'd with gems, hung glitt'ring at his ſide;
nd like the moon, the broad refulgent ſhield
az'd with long rays, and gleam'd athwart the field.
So to night wand'ring ſailors, pale with fears,
Vide o'er the wat'ry waſte, a light appears,
Which on the far-ſeen mountain blazing high,
treams from ſome lonely watch-tow'r to the ſky:
With mournful eyes they gaze, and gaze again;
oud howls the ſtorm, and drives them o'er the main.
Next, his high head the helmet grac'd; behind
The ſweepy creſt hung floating to the wind:
ike the red ſtar, that from his flaming hair
hakes down diſeaſes, peſtilence and war;
o ſtream'd the golden honours from his head,
Trembled the ſparkling plumes, and the looſe glories ſhed.
The chief beholds himſelf with wond'ring eyes;
is arms he poiſes, and his motions tries;
uoy'd by ſome inward force, he ſeems to ſwim,
nd feels a pinion lifting ev'ry limb.
And now he ſhakes his great paternal ſpear,
ond'rous and huge! which not a Greek could rear,

From Pelion's cloudy top an aſh entire
Old Chiron fell'd, and ſhap'd it for his ſire;
A ſpear which ſtern Achilles only wields,
The death of heroes, and the dread of fields.
Automedon and Alcimus prepare
Th' immortal courſers, and the radiant car,
(The ſilver traces ſweeping at their ſide)
Their fiery mouths reſplendent bridles ty'd,
The iv'ry ſtudded reins, return'd behind,
Wav'd o'er their backs, and to the chariot join'd.
The charioteer then whirl'd the laſh around,
And ſwift aſcended at one active bound.
All bright in heav'nly arms, above his ſquire
Achilles mounts, and ſets the field on fire;
Not brighter, Phoebus in th' aethereal way,
Flames from his chariot, and reſtores the day.
High o'er the hoſt, all terrible he ſtands,
And thunders to his ſteeds theſe dread commands.
Xanthus and Balius! of Podarges' ſtrain,
(Unleſs ye boaſt that heav'nly race in vain)
Be ſwift, be mindful of the load ye bear,
And learn to make your maſter more your care:
Thro' falling ſquadrons bear my ſlaught'ring ſword,
Nor, as ye left Patroclus, leave your lord.
The gen'rous Xanthus, as the words he ſaid,
Seem'd ſenſible of woe, and droop'd his head:
Trembling he ſtood before the golden wain,
And bow'd to duſt the honours of his mane,
When ſtrange to tell! (So Juno will'd) he broke
Eternal ſilence, and portentous ſpoke.

Achilles! yes! this day at leaſt we bear
y rage in ſafety thro' the files of war:
t come it will, the fatal time muſt come,
r ours the fault, but God decrees thy doom.
t thro' our crime, or ſlowneſs in the courſe;
ll thy Patroclus, but by heav'nly force.
he bright far-ſhooting God who gilds the day,
onfeſt we ſaw him) tore his arms away.
——could our ſwiftneſs o'er the winds prevail;
beat the pinions of the weſtern gale,
l were in vain——the fates thy death demand,
e to a mortal and immortal hand.
Then ceas'd for ever, by the Furies ty'd,
s fate-ful voice. Th' intrepid chief reply'd
ith unabated rage——ſo let it be!
rtents and prodigies are loſt on me.
now my fates: to die, to ſee no more
y much lov'd parents, and my native ſhore——
ough——when heav'n ordains, I ſink in night,
ow periſh Troy! he ſaid, and ruſh'd to fight.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XX.

THE ARGUMENT.

The battle of the Gods, and the acts of Achilles.

JUPITER upon Achilles's return to the battle, calls a council of the Gods, and permits them to aſſiſt either party. The terrors of the combate deſcribed, when the deities are engaged. Apollo encourages Æneas to meet Achilles. After a long converſation, theſe two heroes encounter; but Æneas is preſerved by the aſſiſtanee of Neptune. Achilles falls upon the reſt of the Trojans, and is upon the point of killing Hector, but Apollo conveys him away in a cloud. Achilles purſues the Trojans with a great ſlaughter.

The ſame day continues. The ſcene is in the field before Troy.

THUS round Pelides breathing war and blood,
Greece ſheath'd in arms, beſide her veſſels ſtood;
While near impending from a neigb'ring height,
Troy's black battalions wait the ſhock of fight.
Then Jove to Themis gives command, to call
The Gods to council in the ſtarry hall:

Swift o'er Olympus' hundred hills she flies,
And summons all the senate of the skies.
These shining on, in long procession come
To Jove's eternal adamantine dome.
Not one was absent; not a rural pow'r
That haunts the verdant gloom, or rosy bow'r,
Each fair-hair'd Dryad of the shady wood,
Each azure sister of the silver flood;
All but old ocean, hoary sire! who keeps
His ancient seat beneath the sacred deeps.
On marble thrones with lucid columns crown'd,
(The work of Vulcan) sate the Pow'rs around,
Ev'n * he whose trident sways the wat'ry reign,
Heard the loud summons, and forsook the main,
Assum'd his throne amid the bright abodes,
And question'd thus the sire of men and Gods.

What moves the God who heav'n and earth commands
And grasps the thunder in his awful hands,
Thus to convene the whole aetherial state?
Is Greece and Troy the subject in debate?
Already met, the low'ring hosts appear,
And death stands ardent on the edge of war.

'Tis true (the cloud-compelling pow'r replies)
This day, we call the council of the skies
In care of human race; ev'n Jove's own eye
Sees with regret unhappy mortals die.
Far on Olympus' top in secret state
Ourself will sit, and see the hand of fate

* Neptune.

Work out our will. Celeſtial pow'rs deſcend,
And, as your minds direct, your ſuccour lend
To either hoſt. Troy ſoon muſt lie o'erthrow'n,
If uncontroul'd Achilles fights alone:
Their troops but lately durſt not meet his eyes;
What can they now, if in his rage he riſe?
Aſſiſt them, gods! or Ilion's ſacred wall
May fall this day, tho' fate forbids the fall.
He ſaid, and fir'd their heav'nly breaſts with rage:
On adverſe parts the warring Gods engage.
Heav'n's awful queen; and he whoſe azure round
Girds the vaſt globe; the maid in arms renown'd;
Hermes, of profitable arts the ſire,
And Vulcan, the black ſov'reign of the fire:
Theſe to the fleet repair with inſtant flight,
The veſſels tremble as the Gods alight.
To aid of Troy, Latona, Phœbus came,
Mars fiery-helm'd, the laughter-loving dame,
Xanthus whoſe ſtreams in golden currents flow,
And the chaſte huntreſs of the ſilver bow.
Ere yet the Gods their various aid employ,
Each Argive boſom ſwell'd with manly joy,
While great Achilles, (terror of the plain)
Long loſt to battle, ſhone in arms again.
Dreadful he ſtood in front of all his hoſt;
Pale Troy beheld, and ſeem'd already loſt;
Her braveſt heroes pant with inward fear,
And trembling ſee another god of war.
But when the Pow'rs deſcending ſwell'd the fight,
Then tumult roſe; fierce rage and pale affright

Vary'd each face; then diſcord ſounds alarms,
Earth echoes, and the nations ruſh to arms.
Now thro' the trembling ſhores Minerva calls,
And now ſhe thunders from the Grecian walls.
Mars hov'ring o'er his Troy, his terror ſhrouds
In gloomy tempeſts, and a night of clouds:
Now thro' each Trojan heart he fury pours
With voice divine from Ilion's topmoſt tow'rs,
Now ſhouts to Simois, from her beauteous hill;
The mountain ſhook, the rapid ſtream ſtood ſtill.
Above, the ſire of Gods his thunder rolls,
And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles.
Beneath, ſtern Neptune ſhakes the ſolid ground,
The foreſts wave, the mountains nod around;
Thro all their ſummits tremble Ida's woods,
And from their ſources boil her hundred floods.
Troy's turrets totter on the rocking plain;
And the toſs'd navies beat the heaving main.
Deep in the diſmal regions of the dead,
Th' infernal monarch rear'd his horrid head,
Leap'd from his throne, leſt Neptune's arm ſhould lay
His dark dominions open to the day,
And pour in light on Pluto's drear abodes,
Abhorr'd by men, and dreadful ev'n to Gods.

Such war th' immortals wage: ſuch horrors rend
The world's vaſt concave, when the gods contend.
Firſt ſilver-ſhafted Phoebus took the plain
Againſt blue Neptune, monarch of the main:
The God of arms his giant bulk diſplay'd,
Oppos'd to Pallas, war's triumphant maid:

gainſt Latona march'd the ſon of May:
The quiver'd Dian, ſiſter of the day,
Her golden arrows ſounding at her ſide)
aturnia, majeſty of heav'n, defy'd.
With fiery Vulcan laſt in battle ſtands
The ſacred flood that rolls on golden ſands;
Xanthus his name with thoſe of heav'nly birth,
But call'd Scamander by the ſons of earth.

While thus the Gods in various league engage,
Achilles glow'd with more than mortal rage:
Hector he ſought; in ſearch of Hector turn'd
His eyes around, for Hector only burn'd;
And burſt like lightning through the ranks and vow'd
To glut the God of battles with his blood.

Aeneas was the firſt who dar'd to ſtay;
Apollo wedg'd him in the warrior's way,
But ſwell'd his boſom with undaunted might,
Half-forc'd, and half-perſuaded to the fight.
Like young Lycaon, of the royal line,
In voice and aſpect, ſeem'd the pow'r divine;
And bade the chief reflect, how late with ſcorn
In diſtant threats he brav'd the Goddeſs-born.

Then thus the hero of Anchiſes' ſtrain.
To meet Pelides you perſuade in vain:
Already have I met, nor void of fear
Obſerv'd the fury of his flying ſpear;
From Ida's woods he chas'd us to the field,
Our force he ſcatter'd, and our herds he kill'd;
Lyrneſſus, Pedaſus in aſhes lay;
But (Jove aſſiſting) I ſurviv'd the day.

Elſe had I ſunk oppreſt in fatal fight,
By fierce Achilles and Minerva's might.
Where'er he mov'd, the Goddeſs ſhone before,
And bath'd his brazen lance in hoſtile gore.
What mortal man Achilles can ſuſtain?
Th' immortals guard him thro' the dreadful plain,
And ſuffer not his dart to fall in vain.
Were God my aid, this arm ſhould check his pow'r,
Tho' ſtrong in battle as a brazen tow'r.

To whom the ſon of Jove. That God implore,
And be what great Achilles was before.
From heav'nly Venus thou deriv'ſt thy ſtrain,
And he, but from a ſiſter of the main;
An aged ſea-God, father of his line,
But Jove himſelf the ſacred ſource of thine.
Then lift thy weapon for a noble blow,
Nor fear the vaunting of a mortal foe.

This ſaid, and ſpirit breath'd into his breaſt,
Thro' the thick troops th' embolden'd hero preſt:
His vent'rous act the white-arm'd queen ſurvey'd,
And thus, aſſembling all the pow'rs, ſhe ſaid.

Behold an action, Gods! that claims your care,
Lo great Æneas ruſhing to the war;
Againſt Pelides he directs his courſe,
Phoebus impells, and Phoebus gives him force.
Reſtrain his bold career; at leaſt, t' attend
Our favour'd hero let ſome pow'r deſcend.
To guard his life, and add to his renown,
We, the great armament of heav'n, came down.
Hereafter let him fall, as fates deſign,
That ſpun ſo ſhort his life's illuſtrious line:

But leſt ſome adverſe god now croſs his way,
Give him to know, what pow'rs aſſiſt this day:
For how ſhall mortal ſtand the dire alarms,
When heav'n's refulgent hoſt appear in arms?
Thus ſhe; and thus the God whoſe force can make
The ſolid globe's eternal baſis ſhake.
Againſt the might of man, ſo feeble known,
Why ſhould celeſtial pow'rs exert their own?
Suffice, from yonder mount to view the ſcene;
And leave to war the fates of mortal men.
But if th' armipotent, or God of light,
Obſtruct Achilles, or commence the fight,
Thence on the gods of Troy we ſwift deſcend:
Full ſoon, I doubt not, ſhall the conflict end,
And theſe, in ruin and confuſion hurl'd,
Yield to our conqu'ring arms the lower world.
Thus having ſaid, the tyrant of the ſea,
Caerulean Neptune roſe, and led the way.
Advanc'd upon the field there ſtood a mound
Of earth congeſted, wall'd, and trench'd around;
In elder times to guard Alcides made,
(The work of Trojans, with Minerva's aid)
What time, a vengeful monſter of the main
Swept the wide ſhore, and drove him to the plain.
Here Neptune, and the Gods of Greece repair,
With clouds encompaſs'd, and a veil of air:
The adverſe Pow'rs, around Apollo laid,
Crown the fair hills that ſilver Simois ſhade.
In circle cloſe each heav'nly party ſate,
Intent to form the future ſcheme of fate;

But mix not yet in fight, though Jove on high
Gives the loud ſignal, and the heav'ns reply.
Mean while the ruſhing armies hide the ground;
The trampled centre yields a hollow ſound:
Steeds cas'd in mail, and chiefs in armour bright,
The gleamy champain glows with brazen light.
Amid both hoſts (a dreadful ſpace) appear
There, great Achilles, bold Æneas here.
With tow'ring ſtrides Æneas firſt advanc'd;
The nodding plumage on his helmet danc'd,
Spread o'er his breaſt the fencing ſhield he bore,
And, as he mov'd, his jav'lin flam'd before.
Not ſo Pelides; furious to engage,
He ruſh'd impetuous. Such the lions rage,
Who vewing firſt his foes with ſcornful eyes,
Though all in arms the peopled city riſe,
Stalks careleſs on, with unregarding pride;
Till at the length by ſome brave youth defy'd,
To his bold ſpear the ſavage turns alone,
He murmurs fury with an hollow groan;
He grins, he foams, he rolls his eyes around;
Laſh'd by his tail his heaving ſides reſound;
He calls up all his rage; he grinds his teeth,
Reſolv'd on vengeance, or reſolv'd on death.
So fierce Achilles on Æneas flies;
So ſtands Æneas, and his force defies.
Ere yet the ſtern encounter join'd, begun
The ſeed of Thetis thus to Venus' ſon.

Why comes Æneas through the ranks ſo far?
Seeks he to meet Achilles' arm in war,

In hope the realms of Priam to enjoy,
And prove his merits to the throne of Troy?
Grant that beneath thy lance Achilles dies,
The partial monarch may refuſe the prize;
Sons he has many, thoſe thy pride may quell;
And 'tis his fault to love thoſe ſons too well.
Or, in reward of thy victorious hand,
Has Troy propos'd ſome ſpacious tract of land;
An ample foreſt, or a fair domain,
Of hills and vines, and arable for grain?
Ev'n this, perhaps, will hardly prove thy lot:
But can Achilles be ſo ſoon forgot?
Once (as I think) you ſaw this brandiſh'd ſpear
And then the great Æneas ſeem'd to fear.
With hearty haſte from Ida's mount he fled,
Nor, 'till he reach'd Lyrneſſus, turn'd his head.
Her lofty walls not long our progreſs ſtay'd;
Thoſe, Pallas, Jove, and we, in ruins laid:
In Grecian chains her captive race were caſt;
'Tis true, the great Æneas fled too faſt.
Defrauded of my conqueſt once before,
What then I loſt, the Gods this day reſtore.
Go; while thou may'ſt, avoid the threaten'd fate;
Fools ſtay to feel it, and are wiſe too late.

To this Anchiſes' ſon. Such words employ
To one that fears thee, ſome unwarlike boy:
Such we diſdain; the beſt may be defy'd
With mean reproaches, and unmanly pride:
Unworthy the high race from which we came,
Proclaim'd ſo loudly by the voice of fame,

Each from illuſtrious fathers draws his line;
Each Goddeſs-born; half human, half divine.
Thetis' this day, or Venus' offspring dies,
And tears ſhall trickle from celeſtial eyes:
For when two heroes, thus deriv'd, contend,
'Tis not in words the glorious ſtrife can end.
If yet you farther ſeek to learn my birth,
(A tale reſounded thro' the ſpacious earth)
Hear how the glorious origin we prove
From antient Dardanus, the firſt from Jove:
Dardania's walls he rais'd; for Ilion, then,
(The city ſince of many-languag'd men)
Was not. The natives were content to till
The ſhady foot of Ida's fount-full hill.
From Dardanus, great Erichthonius ſprings,
The richeſt, once, of Aſia's wealthy kings;
Three thouſand mares his ſpacious paſtures bred,
Three thouſand foals beſide their mothers fed.
Boreas, enamour'd of the ſprightly train,
Conceal'd his godhead in a flowing mane,
With voice diſſembled to his loves he neigh'd,
And cours'd the dappled beauties o'er the mead:
Hence ſprung twelve others of unrival'd kind,
Swift as their mother-mares, and father-wind.
Theſe lightly-ſkimming, when they ſwept the plain,
Nor ply'd the graſs, nor bent the tender grain;
And when along the level ſeas they flew,
Scarce on the ſurface curl'd the briny dew.
Such Erichthonius was: from him there came
The ſacred Tros, of whom the Trojan name.

Three ſons renown'd adorn'd his nuptial bed,
Ilus, Aſſaracus, and Ganymed:
The matchleſs Ganymed, divinely fair,
Whom heav'n enamour'd ſnatch'd to upper air,
To bear the cup of Jove (aetherial gueſt)
The grace and glory of th' ambroſial feaſt.
The two remaining ſons the line divide:
Firſt roſe Laomedon from Ilus' ſide;
From him Tithonus, now in cares grown old,
And Priam, (bleſt with Hector, brave and bold:)
Clytius and Lampus, ever-honour'd pair;
And Hicetaon, thunderbolt of war.
From great Aſſaracus ſprung Capys, he
Begat Anchiſes, and Anchiſes me.
Such is our race: 'tis fortune gives us birth,
But Jove alone endues the ſoul with worth:
He, ſource of pow'r and might! with boundleſs ſway,
All human courage, gives, or takes away.
Long in the field of words we may contend,
Reproach is infinite, and knows no end,
Arm'd or with truth or falſhood, right or wrong,
So voluble a weapon is the tongue;
Wounded, we wound; and neither ſide can fail,
For ev'ry man has equal ſtrength to rail:
Women alone, when in the ſtreets they jar,
Perhaps excel us in this wordy war;
Like us they ſtand, encompaſs'd with the crowd,
And vent their anger, impotent and loud.
Ceaſe then——Our buſineſs in the field of fight
Is not to queſtion, but to prove our might.

To all thoſe inſults thou haſt offer'd here,
Receive this anſwer: 'tis my flying ſpear.
He ſpoke. With all his force the jav'lin flung,
Fix'd deep, and loudly in the buckler rung.
Far on his out-ſtretch'd arm, Pelides held
(To meet the thund'ring lance) his dreadful ſhield,
That trembled as it ſtuck; nor void of fear
Saw, e'er it fell, th' immeaſurable ſpear.
His fears were vain; impenetrable charms
Secur'd the temper of th' aetherial arms.
Thro' two ſtrong plates the point its paſſage held,
But ſtopp'd, and reſted, by the third repell'd;
Five plates of various metal, various mold,
Compos'd the ſhield; of braſs each outward fold,
Of tin each inward, and the middle gold:
There ſtuck the lance. Then riſing e'er he threw,
The forceful ſpear of great Achilles flew,
And pierc'd the Dardan ſhield's extremeſt bound,
Where the ſhrill braſs return'd a ſharper ſound:
Thro' the thin verge the Pelian weapon glides,
And the ſlight cov'ring of expanded hydes.
Æneas his contracted body bends,
And o'er him high the riven targe extends,
Sees, thro' its parting plates, the upper air,
And at his back perceives the quiv'ring ſpear:
A fate ſo near him, chills his ſoul with fright,
And ſwims before his eyes the many-colour'd light.
Achilles, ruſhing in with dreadful cries,
Draws his broad blade, and at Æneas flies:
Æneas rouzing as the foe came on,
(With force collected) heaves a mighty ſtone:

A maſs enormous! which in modern days
Not two of earth's degen'rate ſons could raiſe
But Ocean's God, whoſe earthquakes rock the ground,
Saw the diſtreſs, and mov'd the pow'rs around.
Lo! on the brink of fate Æneas ſtands,
An inſtant victim to Achilles' hands:
By Phoebus urg'd; but Phoebus has beſtow'd
His aid in vain: the man o'erpow'rs the God.
And can ye ſee this righteous chief attone
With guiltleſs blood, for vices not his own?
To all the gods his conſtant vows were paid;
Sure, tho' he wars for Troy, he claims our aid.
Fate wills not this; nor thus can Jove reſign
The future father of the Dardan line:
The firſt great Anceſtor obtain'd his grace,
And ſtill his love deſcends on all the race.
For Priam now, and Priam's faithleſs kind,
At length are odious to th' all-ſeeing mind;
On great Æneas ſhall devolve the reign,
And ſons ſucceeding ſons, the laſting line ſuſtain.
The great earth-ſhaker thus: To whom replies
Th' imperial goddeſs with the radiant eyes.
Good as he is, to immolate or ſpare
The Dardan prince, O Neptune, be thy care;
Pallas and I, by all that gods can bind,
Have ſworn deſtruction to the Trojan kind;
Not ev'n an inſtant to protract their fate,
Or ſave one member of the ſinking ſtate;
Till her laſt flame be quench'd with her laſt gore,
And ev'n her crumbling ruins are no more.

The king of ocean to the fight deſcends,
Thro' all the whiſtling darts his courſe he bends,
Swift interpos'd between the warriors flies,
And caſts thick darkneſs o'er Achilles' eyes.
From great Æneas' ſhield the ſpear he drew,
And at its maſter's feet the weapon threw.
That done, with force divine he ſnatch'd on high
The Dardan prince, and bore him thro' the ſky,
Smooth-gliding without ſtep, above the heads,
Of warring heroes, and of bounding ſteeds.
Till at the battle's utmoſt verge they light,
Where the ſlow Caucons cloſe the rear of fight:
The Godhead there (his heav'nly form confeſs'd)
With words like theſe the panting chief addreſs'd.
What pow'r, O prince! with force inferior far,
Urg'd thee to meet Achilles' arm in war?
Henceforth beware, nor antedate thy doom,
Defrauding fate of all thy fame to come.
But when the day decreed (for come it muſt)
Shall lay this dreadful hero in the duſt,
Let then the furies of that arm be known,
Secure, no Grecian force tranſcends thy own.
With that, he left him wond'ring as he lay,
Then from Achilles chas'd the miſt away:
Sudden, returning with the ſtream of light,
The ſcene of war came ruſhing on his ſight.
Then thus, amaz'd: what wonders ſtrike my mind!
My ſpear, that parted on the wings of wind,
Laid here before me! and the Dardan lord
That fell this inſtant, vaniſh'd from my ſword!

I thought alone with mortals to contend,
But pow'rs celeſtial ſure this foe defend.
Great as he is, our arm he ſcarce will try,
Content, for once, with all his gods, to fly.
Now then let others bleed —— This ſaid, aloud
He vents his fury, and inflames the croud:
O Greeks (he cries, and ev'ry rank alarms)
Join battle, man to man, and arms to arms!
'Tis not in me, tho' favour'd by the ſky,
To mow whole troops, and make whole armies fly:
No God can ſingly ſuch an hoſt engage,
Not Mars himſelf, nor great Minerva's rage.
But whatſoe'er Achilles can inſpire,
Whate'er of active force, or acting fire,
Whate'er this heart can prompt, or hand obey;
All, all Achilles, Greeks! is yours to-day.
Through yon' wide hoſt this arm ſhall ſcatter fear,
And thin the ſquadrons with my ſingle ſpear.
He ſaid: nor leſs elate with martial joy,
The god-like Hector warm'd the troops of Troy.
Trojans, to war! think Hector leads you on;
Nor dread the vaunts of Peleus' haughty ſon;
Deeds muſt decide our fate. Ev'n thoſe with words
Inſult the brave, who tremble at their ſwords:
The weakeſt atheiſt-wretch all heav'n defies,
But ſhrinks and ſhudders, when the thunder flies.
Nor from yon' boaſter ſhall your chief retire,
Not though his heart were ſteel, his hands were fire;
That fire, that ſteel, your Hector ſhould withſtand,
And brave that vengeful heart, that dreadful hand.

Thus (breathing rage through all) the hero ſaid;
A wood of lances riſes round his head,
Clamours on clamours tempeſt all the air,
They join, they throng, they thicken to the war.
But Phœbus warns him from high heav'n to ſhun
The ſingle fight with Thetis' god-like ſon;
More ſafe to combate in the mingled band,
Nor tempt too near the terrors of his hand.
He hears, obedient to the God of light,
And plung'd within the ranks, awaits the fight.

Then fierce Achilles, ſhouting to the ſkies,
On Troy's whole force with boundleſs fury flies.
Firſt falls Iphytion, at his army's head;
Brave was the chief, and brave the hoſt he led;
From great Atrynteus he deriv'd his blood,
His mother was a Naïs of the flood;
Beneath the ſhades of Tmolus, crown'd with ſnow,
From Hyde's walls, he rul'd the lands below.
Fierce as he ſprings, the ſword his head divides;
The parted viſage falls on equal ſides:
With loud reſounding arms he ſtrikes the plain;
While thus Achilles glories o'er the ſlain.

Lie there, Ortyntides! the Trojan earth
Receives thee dead, though Gygæ boaſt thy birth;
Thoſe beauteous fields where Hyllus' waves are roll'd,
And plenteous Hermus ſwells with tides of gold,
Are thine no more—Th' inſulting hero ſaid,
And left him ſleeping in eternal ſhade.
The rolling wheels of Greece the body tore,
And daſh'd their axles with no vulgar gore.

Demoleon next, Antenor's offspring, laid
Breathleſs in duſt, the price of raſhneſs paid.
Th' impatient ſteel with full-deſcending ſway
Forc'd through his brazen helm its furious way,
Reſiſtleſs drove the batter'd ſkull before,
And daſh'd and mingled all the brains with gore.
This ſees Hippodamas, and ſeiz'd with fright,
Deſerts his chariot for a ſwifter flight:
The lance arreſts him: an ignoble wound
The panting Trojan rivets to the ground.
He groans away his ſoul: not louder rores
At Neptune's ſhrine on Helice's high ſhores
The victim bull; the rocks rebellow round,
And Ocean liſtens to the grateful ſound.
Then fell on Polydore his vengeful rage,
The youngeſt hope of Priam's ſtooping age:
(Whoſe feet for ſwiftneſs in the race ſurpaſt)
Of all his ſons, the deareſt, and the laſt.
To the forbidden field he takes his flight
In the firſt volley of a youthful knight,
To vaunt his ſwiftneſs, wheels around the plain,
But vaunts not long, with all his ſwiftneſs ſlain.
Struck where the croſſing belts unite behind,
And golden rings the double back-plate join'd:
Forth through the navel burſt the thrilling ſteel;
And on his knees with piercing ſhrieks he fell;
The ruſhing entrails pour'd upon the ground
His hands collect; and darkneſs wraps him round.
When Hector view'd, all ghaſtly in his gore,
Thus ſadly ſlain th' unhappy Polydore;

A cloud of ſorrow overcaſt his ſight,
His ſoul no longer brook'd the diſtant fight,
Full in Achilles' dreadful front he came,
And ſhook his jav'lin like a waving flame.
The ſon of Peleus ſees, with joy poſſeſt,
His heart high-bounding in his riſing breaſt:
And, lo! the man, on whom black fates attend;
The man, that ſlew Achilles, in his friend!
No more ſhall Hector's and Pelides' ſpear
Turn from each other in the walks of war——
Then with revengeful eyes he ſcan'd him o'er:
Come, and receive thy fate! he ſpake no more.

Hector, undaunted, thus. Such words employ
To one that dreads thee, ſome unwarlike boy:
Such we could give, defying and defy'd,
Mean intercourſe of obloquy and pride!
I know thy force to mine ſuperior far;
But heav'n alone confers ſucceſs in war:
Mean as I am, the gods may guide my dart,
And give it entrance in a braver heart.

Then parts the lance: but Pallas' heav'nly breath,
Far from Achilles wafts the winged death:
The bidden dart again to Hector flies,
And at the feet of its great maſter lies.
Achilles cloſes with his hated foe,
His heart and eyes with flaming fury glow:
But preſent to his aid, Apollo ſhrouds
The favour'd hero in a veil of clouds.
Thrice ſtruck Pelides with indignant heart,
Thrice in impaſſive air he plung'd the dart:

The ſpear a fourth time bury'd in the cloud,
He foams with fury, and exclaims aloud.
Wretch! thou haſt 'ſcap'd again. Once more thy flight
Has ſav'd thee, and the partial God of light.
But long thou ſhalt not thy juſt fate withſtand,
If any Pow'r aſſiſt Achilles' hand.
Fly then inglorious! but thy flight this day
Whole hecatombs of Trojan ghoſts ſhall pay.
With that he gluts his rage on numbers ſlain:
Then Dryops tumbled to th' enſanguin'd plain,
Pierc'd through the neck: he left him panting there,
And ſtopp'd Demuchus, great Philetor's heir,
Gigantic chief! deep gaſh'd th' enormous blade,
And for the ſoul an ample paſſage made.
Laogonus and Dardanus expire,
The valiant ſons of an unhappy ſire;
Both in one inſtant from the chariot hurl'd,
Sunk in one inſtant to the nether world;
This diff'rence only their ſad fates afford,
That one the ſpear deſtroy'd, and one the ſword.
Nor leſs unpity'd young Alaſtor bleeds;
In vain his youth, in vain his beauty pleads:
In vain he begs thee, with a ſuppliant's moan,
To ſpare a form, and age ſo like thy own!
Unhappy boy! no pray'r, no moving art
E'er bent that fierce, inexorable heart!
While yet he trembled at his knees, and cry'd,
The ruthleſs faulchion op'd his tender ſide;
The panting liver pours a flood of gore,
That drowns his boſom, till he pants no more.

Thro' Mulius' head then drove th' impetuous ſpear
The warrior falls, tranſfix'd from ear to ear.
Thy life, Echeclus! next the ſword bereaves,
Deep thro' his front the pond'rous faulchion cleav es;
Warm'd in the brain the ſmoaking weapon lies,
The purple death comes floating o'er his eyes.
Then brave Deucalion dy'd: the dart was flung
Where the knit nerves the pliant elbow ſtrung;
He drop'd his arm, an unaſſiſting weight,
And ſtood all impotent, expecting fate:
Full on his neck the falling faulchion ſped,
From his broad ſhoulders hew'd his creſted head:
Forth from the bone the ſpinal marrow flies,
And ſunk in duſt the corps extended lies.
Rhigmus, whoſe race from fruitful Thracia came,
(The ſon of Pireus, an illuſtrious name,)
Succeeds to fate: the ſpear his belly rends;
Prone from his car the thund'ring chief deſcends:
The ſquire, who ſaw expiring on the ground
His proſtrate maſter, rein'd the ſteeds around;
His back, ſcarce turn'd, the Pelean jav'lin gor'd;
And ſtretch'd the ſervant o'er his dying lord.
As when a flame the winding valley fills,
And runs on crackling ſhrubs between the hills;
Then o'er the ſtubble, up the mountain flies,
Fires the high woods, and blazes to the ſkies,
This way and that, the ſpreading torrent rores;
So ſweeps the hero through the waſted ſhores;
Around him wide, immenſe deſtruction pours,
And earth is delug'd with the ſanguine ſhow'rs.

s with autumnal harveſts cover'd o'er,
nd thick beſtrown, lies Ceres' ſacred floor,
Vhen round and round, with never-weary'd pain,
The trampling ſteers beat out th' unnumber'd grain.
o the fierce courſers, as the chariot rolls,
Tread down whole ranks, and cruſh out heroes ſouls.
aſh'd from their hoofs, while o'er the dead they fly,
lack, bloody drops the ſmoaking chariot dye:
The ſpiky wheels through heaps of carnage tore;
nd thick the groaning axles drop'd with gore.
ligh o'er the ſcene of death Achilles ſtood,
All grim with duſt, all horrible in blood:
Yet ſtill inſatiate, ſtill with rage on flame;
uch is the luſt of never-dying fame!

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XXI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The battle in the river Scamander.

THE Trojans fly before Achilles, ſome towards the town, others to the river Scamander: he falls upon the latter with great ſlaughter, takes twelve captives alive, to ſacrifice to the ſhade of Patroclus; and kills Lycaon and Aſteropaeus. Scamander attacks him with all his waves; Neptune and Pallas aſſiſt the hero; Simois joins Scamander; at length Vulcan, by the inſtigation of Juno, almoſt dries up the river. This combate ended, the other Gods engage each other. Meanwhile Achilles continues the ſlaughter, drives the reſt into Troy; Agenor only makes a ſtand, and is conveyed away in a cloud by Apollo; who (to delude Achilles) takes upon him Agenor's ſhape, and, while he purſues him in that diſguiſe, gives the Trojans an opportunity of retiring into their city.

The ſame day continues. The ſcene is on the banks, and in the ſtream, of Scamander.

AND now to Xanthus' gliding ſtream they drove,
Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove.

The river here divides the flying train;
Part to the town fly diverſe o'er the plain,
Where late their troops triumphant bore the fight,
Now chas'd, and trembling in ignoble flight:
(Theſe with a gather'd miſt Saturnia ſhrouds,
And rolls behind the rout a heap of clouds)
Part plunge into the ſtream: old Xanthus rores,
The flaſhing billows beat the whiten'd ſhores:
With cries promiſcuous all the banks reſound,
And here and there, in eddies whirling round,
The flouncing ſteeds and ſhrieking warriors drown'd.
As the ſcorch'd locuſts from their fields retire,
While faſt behind them runs the blaze of fire;
Driv'n from the land before the ſmoaky cloud,
The cluſtring legions ruſh into the flood:
So plung'd in Xanthus by Achilles' force,
Roars the reſounding ſurge with men and horſe.
His bloody lance the hero caſts aſide,
(Which ſpreading tam'riſks on the margin hide)
Then, like a god, the rapid billows braves,
Arm'd with his ſword, high-brandiſh'd o'er the waves;
Now down he plunges, now he whirls it round,
Deep groan'd the waters with the dying ſound;
Repeated wounds the red'ning river dy'd,
And the warm purple circled on the tide.
Swift thro' the foamy flood the Trojans fly,
And cloſe in rocks or winding caverns lie.
So the huge dolphin tempeſting the main,
In ſhoals before him fly the ſcaly train,
Confus'dly heap'd they ſeek their inmoſt caves,
Or pant and heave beneath the floating waves.

ow tir'd with ſlaughter, from the Trojan band
welve choſen youths he drags alive to land;
ith their rich belts their captive arms conſtrains,
ate their proud ornaments, but now their chains)
heſe his attendants to the ſhips convey'd,
d victims! deſtin'd to Patroclus' ſhade.
Then, as once more he plung'd amid the flood,
he young Lycaon in his paſſage ſtood;
he ſon of Priam, whom the hero's hand
ut late made captive in his father's land,
As from a ſycamore, his ſounding ſteel
opp'd the green arms to ſpoke a chariot-wheel)
o Lemnos iſle he ſold the royal ſlave,
here Jaſon's ſon the price demanded gave;
ut kind Eëtion touching on the ſhore,
he ranſom'd prince to fair Ariſbe bore.
en days were paſt, ſince in his father's reign
e felt the ſweets of liberty again;
he next, that God whom men in vain withſtand,
ives the ſame youth to the ſame conqu'ring hand;
ow never to return! and doom'd to go
ſadder journey to the ſhades below.
is well-known face when great Achilles ey'd,
The helm and viſor he had caſt aſide
With wild affright, and drop'd upon the field
His uſeleſs lance and unavailing ſhield)
s trembling, panting, from the ſtream he fled,
nd knock'd his fault'ring knees, the hero ſaid.
Ye mighty Gods! what wonders ſtrike my view!
s it in vain our conqu'ring arms ſubdue?

Sure I ſhall ſee yon' heaps of Trojans kill'd
Riſe from the ſhades, and brave me on the field:
As now the captive, whom ſo late I bound
And ſold to Lemnos, ſtalks on Trojan ground!
Not him the ſea's unmeaſur'd deeps detain,
That bar ſuch numbers from their native plain:
Lo! he returns. Try then, my flying ſpear!
Try, if the grave can hold the wanderer;
If earth at length this active prince can ſeize,
Earth, whoſe ſtrong graſp has held down Hercules.

Thus while he ſpake, the Trojan, pale with fears
Approach'd, and ſought his knees with ſuppliant tears
Loth as he was to yield his youthful breath,
And his ſoul ſhiv'ring at th' approach of death.
Achilles rais'd the ſpear, prepar'd to wound;
He kiſs'd his feet, extended on the ground:
And while above the ſpear ſuſpended ſtood,
Longing to dip its thirſty point in blood;
One hand embrac'd them cloſe, one ſtop'd the dart;
While thus theſe melting words attempt his heart.

Thy well-known captive, great Achilles! ſee,
Once more Lycaon trembles at thy knee.
Some pity to a ſuppliant's name afford,
Who ſhar'd the gifts of Ceres at thy board,
Whom late thy conqu'ring arm to Lemnos bore,
Far from his father, friends, and native ſhore;
A hundred oxen were his price that day,
Now ſums immenſe thy mercy ſhall repay.
Scarce reſpited from woes I yet appear,
And ſcarce twelve morning ſuns have ſeen me here;

Lo! Jove again ſubmits me to thy hands,
Again, her victim cruel fate demands!
I ſprung from Priam, and Laothöe fair,
Old Alte's daughter, and Lelegia's heir;
Who held in Pedaſus his fam'd abode,
And rul'd the fields where ſilver Satnio flow'd)
Two ſons (alas! unhappy ſons) ſhe bore;
For ah! one ſpear ſhall drink each brother's gore,
And I ſucceed to ſlaughter'd Polydore.
How from that arm of terror ſhall I fly?
Some daemon urges! 'tis my doom to die!
If ever yet ſoft pity touch'd thy mind,
Ah! think not me too much of Hector's kind!
Not the ſame mother gave thy ſuppliant breath,
With his who wrought thy lov'd Patroclus' death.
Theſe words, attended with a ſhow'r of tears,
The youth addreſs'd to unrelenting ears:
Talk not of life, or ranſom, (he replies)
Patroclus dead, whoever meets me, dies:
In vain a ſingle Trojan ſues for grace;
But leaſt, the ſons of Priam's hateful race.
Die then, my friend! what boots it to deplore?
The great, the good Patroclus is no more!
He, far thy better, was fore-doom'd to die,
And thou, doſt thou, bewail mortality?
See'ſt thou not me, whom nature's gifts adorn,
Sprung from a hero, from a goddeſs born;
The day ſhall come (which nothing can avert)
When by the ſpear, the arrow, or the dart,
By night, or day, by force or by deſign,
Impending death and certain fate are mine.

Die then—he ſaid; and as the word he ſpoke,
The fainting ſtripling ſunk before the ſtroke;
His hand forgot its graſp, and left the ſpear;
While all his trembling frame confeſs'd his fear.
Sudden, Achilles his broad ſword diſplay'd,
And buried in his neck the reeking blade.
Prone fell the youth; and panting on the land,
The guſhing purple dy'd the thirſty ſand:
The victor to the ſtream the carcaſs gave,
And thus inſults him, floating on the wave.

Lie there, Lycaon! let the fiſh ſurround
Thy bloated coarſe, and ſuck thy goary wound:
There no ſad mother ſhall thy fun'rals weep,
But ſwift Scamander roll thee to the deep,
Whoſe ev'ry wave ſome wat'ry monſter brings,
To feaſt unpuniſh'd on the fat of kings.
So periſh Troy, and all the Trojan line!
Such ruin theirs, and ſuch compaſſion mine.
What boots ye now Scamander's worſhipp'd ſtream,
His earthly honours, and immortal name;
In vain your immolated bulls are ſlain,
Your living courſers glut his gulfs in vain:
Thus he rewards you, with this bitter fate;
Thus, till the Grecian vengeance is complete;
Thus is aton'd Patroclus' honour'd ſhade,
And the ſhort abſence of Achilles paid.

Theſe boaſtful words provoke the raging God;
With fury ſwells the violated flood.
What means divine may yet the Pow'r employ,
To check Achilles, and to reſcue Troy?

Meanwhile the hero ſprings in arms, to dare
The great Aſteropaeus to mortal war;
The ſon of Pelagon, whoſe lofty line
Flows from the ſource of Axius, ſtream divine!
(Fair Peribaea's love the God had crown'd,
With all his refluent waters circled round)
On him Achilles ruſh'd: he fearleſs ſtood,
And ſhook too ſpears, advancing from the flood;
The flood impell'd him, on Pelides' head
T'avenge his waters choak'd with heaps of dead.
Near as they drew, Achilles thus began.
What art thou, boldeſt of the race of man?
Who, or from whence? Unhappy is the ſire,
Whoſe ſon encounters our reſiſtleſs ire.
O ſon of Peleus! what avails to trace
(Reply'd the warrior) our illuſtrious race?
From rich Paeonia's valleys I command,
Arm'd with protended ſpears, my native band;
Now ſhines the tenth bright morning ſince I came
In aid of Ilion to the fields of fame:
Axius, who ſwells with all the neighb'ring rills,
And wide around the floated region fills,
Begot my ſire, whoſe ſpear ſuch glory won:
Now lift thy arm, and try that hero's ſon!
Threat'ning he ſaid: the hoſtile chiefs advance;
At once Aſteropaeus diſcharg'd each lance,
(For both his dext'rous hands the lance could wield)
One ſtruck, but pierc'd not the Vulcanian ſhield;
One raz'd Achilles' hand; the ſpouting blood
Spun forth, in earth the faſten'd weapon ſtood.

Like lightning next the Pelean jav'lin flies;
Its erring fury hiſs'd along the ſkies;
Deep in the ſwelling bank was driv'n the ſpear,
Ev'n to the middle earth'd, and quiver'd there.
Then from his ſide the ſword Pelides drew,
And on his foe with doubled fury flew.
The foe thrice tugg'd, and ſhook the rooted wood;
Repulſive of his might the weapon ſtood:
The fourth, he tries to break the ſpear in vain;
Bent as he ſtands, he tumbles to the plain;
His belly open'd with a ghaſtly wound,
The reeking entrails pour upon the ground.
Beneath the hero's feet he panting lies,
And his eye darkens, and his ſpirit flies:
While the proud victor thus triumphing ſaid,
His radiant armour tearing from the dead:

So ends thy glory! ſuch the fate they prove
Who ſtrive preſumptuous with the ſons of Jove.
Sprung from a river didſt thou boaſt thy line,
But great Saturnius is the ſource of mine.
How durſt thou vaunt thy wat'ry progeny?
Of Peleus, Æacus, and Jove, am I;
The race of theſe ſuperior far to thoſe,
As he that thunders, to the ſtream that flows.
What rivers can, Scamander might have ſhown;
But Jove he dreads, nor wars againſt his ſon.
Ev'n Achelöus might contend in vain,
And all the roaring billows of the main.
Th' eternal Ocean, from whoſe fountains flow
The ſeas, the rivers, and the ſprings below,

The thund'ring voice of Jove abhors to hear,
And in his deep abyſſes ſhakes with fear.
He ſaid; then from the bank his jav'lin tore,
And left the breathleſs warrior in his gore.
The floating tides the bloody carcaſe lave,
And beat againſt it, wave ſucceeding wave;
Till roll'd between the banks, it lies the food
Of curling eels, and fiſhes of the flood.
All ſcatter'd round the ſtream (their mightieſt ſlain)
Th'amaz'd Paeonians ſcour along the plain:
He vents his fury on the flying crew,
Thraſius, Aſtypylus, and Mneſus ſlew;
Mydon, Therſilochus, with Ænius fell;
And numbers more his lance had plung'd to hell:
But from the bottom of his gulfs profound
Scamander ſpoke; the ſhores return'd the ſound.
O firſt of mortals! (for the gods are thine)
In valour matchleſs, and in force divine!
If Jove have giv'n thee ev'ry Trojan head,
'Tis not on me thy rage ſhould heap the dead.
See! my choak'd ſtreams no more their courſe can keep,
Nor roll their wonted tribute to the deep.
Turn then, impetuous! from our injur'd flood;
Content, thy ſlaughters could amaze a god.
In human form confeſs'd before his eyes
The river thus; and thus the chief replies.
O ſacred ſtream! thy word we ſhall obey;
But not till Troy the deſtin'd vengeance pay,
Not till within her tow'rs the perjur'd train
Shall pant and tremble at our arms again;

Not till proud Hector, guardian of her wall,
Or ſtain this lance, or ſee Achilles fall.
He ſaid; and drove with fury on the foe.
Then to the Godhead of the ſilver bow
The yellow flood began: O ſon of Jove!
Was not the mandate of the ſire above
Full and expreſs? that Phoebus ſhould employ
His ſacred arrows in defence of Troy,
And make her conquer, till Hyperion's fall
In awful darkneſs hide the face of all?
He ſpoke in vain——the chief without diſmay
Plows through the boiling ſurge his deſp'rate way.
Then riſing in his rage above the ſhores,
From all his deep the bellowing river rores,
Huge heaps of ſlain diſgorges on the coaſt,
And round the banks the ghaſtly dead are toſt.
While all before, the billows rang'd on high
(A wat'ry bulwark) ſkreen the bands who fly.
Now burſting on his head with thund'ring ſound,
The falling deluge whelms the hero round:
His loaded ſhield bends to the ruſhing tide;
His feet, upborn, ſcarce the ſtrong flood divide,
Slidd'ring, and ſtagg'ring. On the border ſtood
A ſpreading elm, that overhung the flood;
He ſeiz'd a bending bough, his ſteps to ſtay;
The plant uprooted to his weight gave way,
Heaving the bank, and undermining all;
Loud flaſh the waters to the ruſhing fall
Of the thick foliage. The large trunk diſplay'd
Bridg'd the rough flood acroſs: the hero ſtay'd

On this his weight, and rais'd upon his hand,
Leap'd from the chanel, and regain'd the land.
Then blacken'd the wild waves; the murmur roſe;
The god purſues, a huger billow throws,
And burſt the bank, ambitious to deſtroy
The man whoſe fury is the fate of Troy.
He, like the warlike eagle ſpeeds his pace,
(Swifteſt and ſtrongeſt of th' aereal race)
Far as a ſpear can fly, Achilles ſprings
At ev'ry bound; his clanging armour rings:
Now here, now there, he turns on ev'ry ſide,
And winds his courſe before the following tide;
The waves flow after, whereſoe'er he wheels,
And gather faſt, and murmur at his heels.
So when a peaſant to his garden brings
Soft rills of water from the bubbling ſprings,
And calls the floods from high, to bleſs his bow'rs,
And feed with pregnant ſtreams the plants and flow'rs;
Soon as he clears whate'er their paſſage ſtaid,
And marks the future current with his ſpade,
Swift o'er the rolling peebles, down the hills
Louder and louder purl the falling rills,
Before him ſcatt'ring, they prevent his pains,
And ſhine in mazy wand'rings o'er the plains.
Still flies Achilles, but before his eyes
Still ſwift Scamander rolls where'er he flies:
Not all his ſpeed eſcapes the rapid floods;
The firſt of men, but not a match for gods.
Oft as he turn'd the torrent to oppoſe,
And bravely try if all the pow'rs were foes;

So oft the ſurge, in wat'ry mountains ſpread,
Beats on his back, or burſts upon his head.
Yet dauntleſs ſtill the adverſe flood he braves,
And ſtill indignant bounds above the waves.
Tir'd by the tides, his knees relax with toil;
Waſh'd from beneath him, ſlides the ſlimy ſoil;
When thus (his eyes on heav'n's expanſion thrown)
Forth burſts the hero with an angry groan.
Is there no God Achilles to befriend,
No pow'r t' avert his miſerable end?
Prevent, oh Jove! this ignominious date,
And make my future life the ſport of fate.
Of all heav'n's oracles believ'd in vain,
But moſt of Thetis, muſt her ſon complain;
By Phœbus' darts ſhe propheſy'd my fall,
In glorious arms before the Trojan wall.
Oh! had I dy'd in fields of battle warm,
Stretch'd like a hero, by a hero's arm!
Might Hector's ſpear this dauntleſs boſom rend,
And my ſwift ſoul o'ertake my ſlaughter'd friend!
Ah no! Achilles meets a ſhameful fate,
Oh how unworthy of the brave and great!
Like ſome vile ſwain, whom, on a rainy day
Croſſing a ford, the torrent ſweeps away,
An unregarded carcaſe, to the ſea.

Neptune and Pallas haſte to his relief,
And thus in human form addreſs'd the chief:
The pow'r of Ocean firſt Forbear thy fear,
Oh ſon of Peleus! lo, thy gods appear!
Behold! from Jove deſcending to thy aid,
Propitious Neptune, and the blue-ey'd maid.

ay, and the furious flood ſhall ceaſe to rave;
'is not thy fate to glut his angry wave.
ut thou, the counſel heav'n ſuggeſts, attend!
or breathe from combate, nor thy ſword ſuſpend,
ill Troy receive her flying ſons, till all
er routed ſquadrons pant behind their wall.
ector alone ſhall ſtand his fatal chance,
nd Hector's blood ſhall ſmoke upon thy lance.
hine is the glory doom'd. Thus ſpake the Gods;
hen ſwift aſcended to the bright abodes.
Stung with new ardour, thus by heav'n impell'd,
e ſprings impetuous, and invades the field:
'er all th' extended plain the waters ſpread;
eav'd on the bounding billows, danc'd the dead,
loating 'midſt ſcatter'd arms; while caſques of gold
nd turn'd-up bucklers glitter'd as they roll'd.
igh o'er the ſurging tide, by leaps and bounds,
e wades and mounts; the parted wave reſounds.
ot a whole river ſtops the hero's courſe,
hile Pallas fills him with immortal force.
ith equal rage, indignant Xanthus rores,
nd lifts his billows, and o'erwhelms his ſhores.
Then thus to Simois: Haſte, my brother flood!
nd check this mortal that controuls a god:
ur braveſt heroes elſe ſhall quit the fight,
nd Ilion tumble from her tow'ry height.
all then thy ſubject ſtreams, and bid them rore,
rom all thy fountains ſwell thy wat'ry ſtore,
ith brocken rocks, and with a load of dead,
harge the black ſurge, and pour it on his head.

Mark how reſiſtleſs thro' the flood he goes,
And boldly bids the warring gods be foes!
But nor that force, nor form divine to ſight
Shall aught avail him, if our rage unite:
Whelm'd under our dark gulfs thoſe arms ſhall lie,
That blaze ſo dreadful in each Trojan eye;
And deep beneath a ſandy mountain hurl'd,
Immers'd remain this terror of the world.
Such pond'rous ruin ſhall confound the place,
No Greek ſhall ere his periſh'd relics grace,
No hand his bones ſhall gather, or inhume;
Theſe his cold rites, and this his watry tomb.
He ſaid; and on the chief deſcends amain,
Encreas'd with gore, and ſwelling with the ſlain.
Then murm'ring from his beds, he boils, he raves,
And a foam whitens on the purple waves.
At ev'ry ſtep, before Achilles ſtood
The crimſon ſurge, and delug'd him with blood.
Fear touch'd the queen of heav'n: ſhe ſaw diſmay'd,
She call'd aloud, and ſummon'd Vulcan's aid.
Riſe to the war! th' inſulting flood requires
Thy waſteful arm: aſſemble all thy fires!
While to their aid, by our command enjoin'd,
Ruſh the ſwift eaſtern, and the weſtern wind:
Theſe from old Ocean at my word ſhall blow,
Pour the red torrent on the wat'ry foe,
Corſes and arms to one bright ruin turn,
And hiſſing rivers to their bottoms burn.
Go, mighty in thy rage! diſplay thy pow'r,
Drink the whole flood, the crack'ling trees devour,

orch all the banks! and (till our voice reclaim)
ert th' unweary'd furies of the flame!
The pow'r ignipotent her word obeys:
ide o'er the plain he pours the boundleſs blaze;
t once conſumes the dead, and dries the ſoil;
nd the ſhrunk waters in their chanel boil:
s when autumnal Boreas ſweeps the ſky,
nd inſtant blows the water'd garden dry;
look'd the field, ſo whiten'd was the ground,
hile Vulcan breath'd the fiery blaſt around.
wift on the ſedgy reeds the ruin preys;
long the margin winds the running blaze:
he trees in flaming rows to aſhes turn,
he flow'ry Lotos, and the tam'riſk burn,
road elm, and cypreſs riſing in a ſpire;
he wat'ry willows hiſs before the fire.
ow glow the waves, the fiſhes pant for breath,
he eels lie twiſting in the pangs of death:
ow flounce aloft, now dive the ſcaly fry,
r gaſping, turn their bellies to the ſky.
t length the river rear'd his languid head,
nd thus, ſhort-panting, to the god he ſaid.
Oh, Vulcan! oh! what pow'r reſiſts thy might?
faint, I ſink, unequal to the fight———
yield———Let Ilion fall; if fate decree———
h———bend no more thy fiery arms on me!
He ceas'd, wide conflagration blazing round;
he bubbling waters yield a hiſſing ſound.
s when the flames beneath a caldron riſe,
o melt the fat of ſome rich ſacrifice,

Amid the fierce embrace of circling fires
The waters foam, the heavy ſmoke aſpires:
So boils th' impriſon'd flood, forbid to flow,
And choak'd with vapours, feels his bottom glow.
To Juno then, imperial queen of air,
The burning river ſends his earneſt pray'r.

Ah why, Saturnia! muſt thy ſon engage
Me, only me, with all his waſteful rage?
On other gods his dreadful arm employ,
For mightier gods aſſert the cauſe of Troy.
Submiſſive I deſiſt, if thou command,
But ah! withdraw this all-deſtroying hand.
Hear then my ſolemn oath, to yield to fate
Unaided Ilion, and her deſtin'd ſtate,
'Till Greece ſhall gird her with deſtructive flame,
And in one ruin ſink the Trojan name.

His warm entreaty touch'd Saturnia's ear;
She bade th' ignipotent his rage forbear,
Recall the flame, nor in a mortal cauſe
Infeſt a god: th' obedient flame withdraws:
Again the branching ſtream begins to ſpread,
And ſoft re-murmur in their wonted bed.

While theſe by Juno's will the ſtrife reſign,
The warring gods in fierce contention join:
Rekindling rage each heav'nly breaſt alarms;
With horrid clangor ſhock'd th' ethereal arms:
Heav'n in loud thunder bids the trumpet ſound;
And wide beneath them groans the rending ground.
Jove, as his ſport, the dreadful ſcene deſcries,
And views contending gods with careleſs eyes.

The pow'r of battles lifts his brazen ſpear,
And firſt aſſaults the radiant queen of war.
What mov'd thy madneſs, thus to diſunite
Ethereal minds, and mix all heav'n in fight?
What wonder this, when in thy frantic mood
Thou drov'ſt a mortal to inſult a God;
Thy impious hand Tydides' jav'lin bore,
And madly bath'd it in celeſtial gore.
He ſpoke, and ſmote the loud-reſounding ſhield,
Which bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful field;
The adamantine Ægis of her ſire,
That turns the glancing bolt, and forked fire.
Then heav'd the Goddeſs in her mighty hand
A ſtone, the limit of the neighb'ring land,
There fixt from eldeſt times; black, craggy, vaſt:
This, at the heav'nly homicide ſhe caſt.
Thund'ring he falls; a maſs of monſtrous ſize,
And ſev'n broad acres covers as he lies.
The ſtunning ſtroke his ſtubborn nerves unbound;
Loud o'er the fields his ringing arms reſound:
The ſcornful dame her conqueſt views with ſmiles,
And glorying thus, the proſtrate God reviles.
Haſt thou not yet, inſatiate fury! known,
How far Minerva's force tranſcends thy own?
Juno, whom thou rebellious dar'ſt withſtand,
Corrects thy folly thus by Pallas' hand;
Thus meets thy broken faith with juſt diſgrace,
And partial aid to Troy's perfidious race.
The Goddeſs ſpoke, and turn'd her eyes away
That beaming round, diffus'd celeſtial day.

Jove's Cyprian daughter ſtooping on the land,
Lent to the wounded God her tender hand:
Slowly he riſes, ſcarcely breathes with pain,
And propt on her fair arm, forſakes the plain.
This the bright empreſs of the heav'ns ſurvey'd,
And ſcoffing, thus, to war's victorious maid.
Lo, what an aid on Mars's ſide is ſeen!
The Smiles and Love's unconquerable queen!
Mark with what inſolence, in open view,
She moves: let Pallas, if ſhe dares, purſue.
Minerva ſmiling heard, the pair o'ertook,
And ſlightly on her breaſt the wanton ſtrook:
She, unreſiſting, fell; (her ſpirits fled)
On earth together lay the lovers ſpread.
And like theſe hero's, be the fate of all
(Minerva cries) who guard the Trojan wall!
To Grecian gods ſuch let the Phrygian be,
So dread, ſo fierce, as Venus is to me;
Then from the loweſt ſtone ſhall Troy be mov'd—
Thus ſhe, and Juno with a ſmile approv'd.
Meantime, to mix in more than mortal fight,
The God of ocean dares the God of light.
What ſloath hath ſeiz'd us, when the fields around
Ring with conflicting pow'rs, and heav'n returns th
Shall ignominious we with ſhame retire, [ſound
No deed perform'd, to our Olympian ſire?
Come, prove thy arm! for firſt the war to wage,
Suits not my greatneſs, or ſuperior age.
Raſh as thou art to prop the Trojan throne,
(Forgetful of my wrongs, and of thy own)
And guard the race of proud Laomedon!

Haſt thou forgot, when at the monarch's prayer,
We ſhar'd the lengthen'd labours of a year?
Troy walls I rais'd (for ſuch were Jove's commands)
And yon' proud bulwarks grew beneath my hands:
Thy taſk it was, to feed the bellowing droves
Along fair Ida's vales, and pendent groves.
But when the circling ſeaſons in their train
Brought back the grateful day that crown'd our pain;
With menace ſtern the fraudful king defy'd
Our latent Godhead, and the prize deny'd:
Mad as he was, he threaten'd ſervile bands,
And doom'd us exiles far in barb'rous lands.
Incens'd, we heav'nward fled with ſwifteſt wing,
And deſtin'd vengeance on the perjur'd king.
Doſt thou, for this, afford proud Ilion grace,
And not like us, infeſt the faithleſs race?
Like us, their preſent, future ſons deſtroy,
And from its deep foundations heave their Troy?

Apollo thus: to combate for mankind
Ill ſuits the wiſdom of celeſtial mind:
For what is man? calamitous by birth,
They owe their life and nouriſhment to earth;
Like yearly leaves, that now, with beauty crown'd,
Smile on the ſun; now, wither on the ground:
To their own hands commit the frantic ſcene,
Nor mix immortals in a cauſe ſo mean.
Then turns his face, far-beaming heav'nly fires,
And from the ſenior Pow'r, ſubmiſs retires;
Him, thus retreating, Artemis upbraids,
The quiver'd huntreſs of the Sylvan ſhades.

And is it thus the youthful Phoebus flies,
And yields to ocean's hoary fire, the prize?
How vain that martial pomp, and dreadful show,
Of pointed arrows, and the silver bow!
Now boast no more in yon' celestial bow'r,
Thy force can match the great earth-shaking pow'r.
Silent, he heard the queen of woods upbraid:
Not so Saturnia bore the vaunting maid;
But furious thus. What insolence has driv'n
Thy pride to face the majesty of heav'n?
What tho' by Jove the female plague design'd,
Fierce to the feeble race of womankind,
The wretched matron feels thy piercing dart;
Thy sex's tyrant, with a tyger's heart?
What tho' tremendous in the woodland chace,
Thy certain arrows pierce the savage race?
How dares thy rashness on the Pow'rs divine
Employ those arms, or match thy force with mine?
Learn hence, no more unequal war to wage——
She said, and seiz'd her wrists with eager rage;
These in her left-hand lock'd, her right unty'd
The bow, the quiver, and its plumy pride.
About her temples flies the busy bow;
Now here, now there, she winds her from the blow;
The scatt'ring arrows, rattling from the case,
Drop round, and idly mark the dusty place.
Swift from the field the baffled huntress flies,
And scarce restrains the torrent in her eyes:
So, when the falcon wings her way above,
To the cleft cavern speeds the gentle dove,

(Not fated yet to die) there ſafe retreats,
Yet ſtill her heart againſt the marble beats.
To her, Latona haſtes with tender care;
Whom Hermes viewing, thus declines the war.
How ſhall I face the dame, who gives delight
To him whoſe thunders blacken heav'n with night?
Go matchleſs Goddeſs! triumph in the ſkies,
And boaſt my conqueſt, while I yield the prize.
He ſpoke; and paſt: Latona, ſtooping low,
Collects the ſcatter'd ſhafts, and fallen bow,
That, glitt'ring on the duſt, lay here and there;
Diſhonour'd relics of Diana's war.
Then ſwift purſu'd her to the bleſt abode,
Where, all confus'd, ſhe ſought the ſov'reign God;
Weeping ſhe graſp'd his knees: th' ambroſial veſt
Shook with her ſighs, and panted on her breaſt.
The ſire, ſuperior ſmil'd; and bad her ſhow,
What heav'nly hand had caus'd his daughter's woe?
Abaſh'd, ſhe names his own imperial ſpouſe;
And the pale creſcent fades upon her brows.
Thus they above: while ſwiftly gliding down,
Apollo enters Ilion's ſacred town:
The guardian God now trembled for her wall,
And fear'd the Greeks, tho' fate forbad her fall.
Back to Olympus, from the war's alarms,
Return the ſhining bands of Gods in arms;
Some proud in triumph, ſome with rage on fire;
And take their thrones around th' aethereal ſire.
Thro' blood, thro' death, Achilles ſtill proceeds,
O'er ſlaughter'd heroes, and o'er rolling ſteeds.

As when avenging flames with fury driv'n,
On guilty towns exert the wrath of heav'n;
The pale inhabitants, some fall, some fly;
And the red vapours purple all the sky.
So rag'd Achilles: death, and dire dismay,
And toils, and terrors, fill'd the dreadful day.

High on a turret hoary Priam stands,
And marks the waste of his destructive hands;
Views, from his arm, the Trojans scatter'd flight,
And the near hero rising on his sight!
No stop, no check, no aid! with feeble pace,
And settled sorrow on his aged face,
Fast as he could, he sighing, quits the walls;
And thus, descending, on the guards he calls.

You to whose care our city gates belong,
Set wide your portals to the flying throng.
For lo! he comes, with unresisted sway;
He comes, and desolation marks his way!
But when within the walls, our troops take breath,
Lock fast the brazen bars, and shut out death.
Thus charg'd the rev'rend monarch: wide were flung
The opening folds; the sounding hinges rung.
Phoebus rush'd forth, the flying bands to meet,
Strook slaughter back, and cover'd the retreat.
On heaps the Trojans crowd to gain the gate,
And gladsome see their last escape from fate:
Thither, all parch'd with thirst, a heartless train,
Hoary with dust, they beat the hollow plain;
And gasping, panting, fainting, labour on,
With heavier strides, that lengthen'd tow'rd the town.

Enrag'd Achilles follows with his ſpear;
Wild with revenge, inſatiable of war.
Then had the Greeks eternal praiſe acquir'd,
And Troy inglorious to her walls retir'd;
But * he, the God who darts ethereal flame,
Shot down to ſave her, and redeem her fame.
To young Agenor force divine he gave,
(Antenor's offspring, haughty, bold and brave)
In aid of him, beſide the beech he ſate,
And wrapt in clouds, reſtrain'd the hand of fate.
When now the gen'rous youth Achilles ſpies,
Thick beats his heart, the troubled motions riſe,
(So, ere a ſtorm, the waters heave and roll)
He ſtops, and queſtions thus his mighty ſoul.
What, ſhall I fly this terror of the plain?
Like others fly, and be like others ſlain?
Vain hope! to ſhun him by the ſelf-ſame road
Yon' line of ſlaughter'd Trojans lately trod.
No: with the common heap I ſcorn to fall——
What if they paſs'd me to the Trojan wall,
While I decline to yonder path, that leads
To Ida's foreſts and ſurrounding ſhades?
So may I reach, conceal'd, the cooling flood,
From my tir'd body waſh the duſt and blood,
As ſoon as night her duſky veil extends,
Return in ſafety to my Trojan friends.
What if?——But wherefore all this vain debate?
Stand I to doubt, within the reach of fate?

* Apollo.

Ev'n now perhaps, ere yet I turn the wall,
The fierce Achilles ſees me, and I fall:
Such is his ſwiftneſs, 'tis in vain to fly,
And ſuch his valour, that who ſtands muſt die.
Howe'er 'tis better, fighting for the ſtate,
Here, and in public view, to meet my fate.
Yet ſure he too is mortal; he may feel
(Like all the ſons of earth) the force of ſteel;
One only ſoul informs that dreadful frame;
And Jove's ſole favour gives him all his fame.

He ſaid, and ſtood; collected in his might;
And all his beating boſom claim'd the fight.
So from ſome deep-grown wood a panther ſtarts,
Rous'd from his thicket by a ſtorm of darts;
Untaught to fear or fly, he hears the ſounds
Of ſhouting hunters, and of clam'rous hounds,
Tho' ſtruck, tho' wounded, ſcarce perceives the pain,
And the barb'd jav'lin ſtings his breaſt in vain:
On their whole war, untam'd the ſavage flies;
And tears his hunter, or beneath him dies.
Not leſs reſolv'd, Antenor's valiant heir
Confronts Achilles, and awaits the war,
Diſdainful of retreat: high-held before,
His ſhield (a broad circumference) he bore;
Then graceful as he ſtood, in act to throw
The lifted jav'lin, thus beſpoke the foe.

How proud Achilles glories in his fame!
And hopes this day to ſink the Trojan name
Beneath her ruins! know, that hope is vain;
A thouſand woes, a thouſand toils remain,

arents and children our juſt arms employ,
nd ſtrong, and many, are the ſons of Troy.
reat as thou art, ev'n thou may'ſt ſtain with gore
heſe Phrygian fields, and preſs a foreign ſhore.
He ſaid: with matchleſs force the jav'lin flung
mote on his knee; the hollow cuiſhes rung
eneath the pointed ſteel; but ſafe from harms
e ſtands impaſſive in th' ethereal arms.
hen fiercely ruſhing on the daring foe,
is lifted arm prepares the fatal blow;
t jealous of his fame, Apollo ſhrouds
he god-like Trojan in a veil of clouds;
afe from purſuit, and ſhut from mortal view,
iſmiſs'd from fame, the favour'd youth withdrew.
eanwhile the God, to cover their eſcape,
ſumes Agenor's habit, voice, and ſhape,
ies from the furious chief in this diſguiſe,
he furious chief ſtill follows where he flies.
ow o'er the fields they ſtretch with lengthen'd ſtrides,
ow urge the courſe where ſwift Scamander glides:
he God now diſtant ſcarce a ſtride before,
empts his purſuit, and wheels about the ſhore.
hile all the flying troops their ſpeed employ,
d pour on heaps into the walls of Troy.
o ſtop, no ſtay; no thought to aſk, or tell,
ho 'ſcap'd by flight, or who by battle fell.
was tumult all, and violence of flight;
d ſudden joy confus'd, and mix'd affright:
le Troy againſt Achilles ſhuts her gate;
d nations breathe, deliver'd from their fate.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XXII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The death of Hector.

THE Trojans being ſafe within the walls, Hector only ſtays to oppoſe Achilles. Priam is ſtruck at his approach, and tries to perſuade his ſon to re-enter the town. Hecuba joins her entreaties, but in vain. Hector conſults within himſelf what meaſures to take: but, at the advance of Achilles, his reſolution fails him, and he flies: Achilles purſues him thrice round the walls of Troy. The Gods debate concerning the fate of Hector; at length Minerva deſcends to the aid of Achilles. She deludes Hector in the ſhape of Deiphobus: he ſtands the combate, and is ſlain. Achilles drags the dead body at his chariot, in the ſight of Priam and Hecuba. Their lamentations, tears, and deſpair. Their cries reach the ears of Andromache, who, ignorant of this, was retired into the inner part of the palace: ſhe mounts up to the walls, and beholds her dead husband. She ſwoons at the ſpectacle. Her exceſs of grief and lamentation.

The thirtieth day ſtill continues. The ſcene lies under the walls, and on the battlements of Troy.

THUS to their bulwarks, ſmit with panic fear,
The herded Ilians ruſh like driv'n deer;
There ſafe, they wipe the briny drops away,
And drown in bowls the labours of the day.
Cloſe to the walls advancing o'er the fields,
Beneath one roof of well-compacted ſhields,
March, bending on, the Greeks embody'd pow'rs,
Far-ſtretching in the ſhade of Trojan tow'rs.
Great Hector ſingly ſtay'd; chain'd down by fate,
There fix'd he ſtood before the Scaean gate;
Still his bold arms determin'd to employ,
The guardian ſtill of long-defended Troy.
Apollo now to tir'd Achilles turns;
(The pow'r confeſt in all his glory burns)
And what (he cries) has Peleus' ſon in view,
With mortal ſpeed a godhead to purſue?
For not to thee to know the gods is giv'n,
Unſkill'd to trace the latent marks of heav'n.
What boots thee now, that Troy forſook the plain?
Vain thy paſt labour, and thy preſent vain:
Safe in their walls are now her troops beſtow'd,
While here thy frantic rage attacks a God.
The chief incens'd—Too partial God of day!
To check my conqueſts in the middle way:
How few in Ilion elſe had refuge found?
What gaſping numbers now had bit the ground?
Thou robb'ſt me of a glory juſtly mine,
Pow'rful of godhead, and of fraud divine:
Mean fame, alas! for one of heav'nly ſtrain,
To cheat a mortal, who repines in vain.

Then to the city, terrible and ſtrong,
With high and haughty ſteps he towr'd along.
So the proud courſer, victor of the prize,
To the near goal with double ardour flies.
Him, as he blazing ſhot acroſs the field,
The careful eyes of Priam firſt beheld.
Not half ſo dreadful riſes to the ſight
Thro' the thick gloom of ſome tempeſtuous night,
Orion's dog, (the year when Autumn weighs)
And o'er the feebler ſtars exerts his rays;
Terrific glory! for his burning breath
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death.
So flam'd his fiery mail. Then wept the ſage;
He ſtrikes his rev'rend head now white with age;
He lifts his wither'd arms, obteſts the ſkies;
He calls his much-lov'd ſon with feeble cries:
The ſon, reſolv'd Achilles' force to dare,
Full at the Scaean gates expects the war;
While the ſad father on the rampart ſtands,
And thus adjures him with extended hands:
Ah ſtay not, ſtay not! guardleſs and alone;
Hector! my lov'd, my deareſt, braveſt ſon!
Methinks already I behold thee ſlain,
And ſtretch'd beneath that fury of the plain.
Implacable Achilles! might'ſt thou be
To all the gods no dearer than to me!
Thee, vultures wild ſhould ſcatter round the ſhore,
And bloody dogs grow fiercer from thy gore.
How many valiant ſons I late enjoy'd,
Valiant in vain! by thy curſt arm deſtroy'd;

Or, worſe than ſlaughter'd, ſold in diſtant iſles
To ſhameful bondage and unworthy toils.
Two, while I ſpeak, my eyes in vain explore,
Two from one mother ſprung, my Polydore,
And lov'd Lycaon; now perhaps no more!
Oh! if in yonder hoſtile camp they live,
What heaps of gold, what treaſures would I give?
(Their grandſire's wealth, by right of birth their o
Conſign'd his daughter with Lelegia's throne.)
But if (which heav'n forbid) already loſt,
All pale they wander on the Stygian coaſt;
What ſorrows then muſt their ſad mother know,
What anguiſh I? unutterable woe!
Yet leſs that anguiſh, leſs to her, to me,
Leſs to all Troy, if not depriv'd of thee,
Yet ſhun Achilles! enter yet the wall;
And ſpare thyſelf, thy father, ſpare us all!
Save thy dear life; or if a ſoul ſo brave
Neglect that thought, thy dearer glory ſave.
Pity, while yet I live, theſe ſilver hairs;
While yet thy father feels the woes he bears,
Yet curſt with ſenſe! a wretch, whom in his rage
(All trembling on the verge of helpleſs age)
Great Jove has plac'd, ſad ſpectacle of pain!
The bitter dregs of fortune's cup to drain:
To fill with ſcenes of death his cloſing eyes,
And number all his days by miſeries!
My heroes ſlain, my bridal bed o'erturn'd,
My daughters raviſh'd, and my city burn'd,
My bleeding infants daſh'd againſt the floor;
Theſe I have yet to ſee, perhaps yet more!

rhaps ev'n I, reſerv'd by angry fate
he laſt ſad relic of my ruin'd ſtate,
Dire pomp of ſov'reign wretchedneſs!) muſt fall,
nd ſtain the pavement of my regal hall;
Where famiſh'd dogs, late guardians of my door,
all lick their mangled maſter's ſpatter'd gore.
et for my ſons I thank ye Gods! 'twas well:
Vell have they periſh'd, for in fight they fell.
Who dies in youth, and vigor, dies the beſt,
truck thro' with wounds, all honeſt on the breaſt.
ut when the fates, in fulneſs of their rage,
urn the hoar head of unreſiſting age,
duſt the rev'rend lineaments deform,
nd pour to dogs the life-blood ſcarcely warm;
his, this is miſery! the laſt, the worſt,
hat man can feel; man, fated to be curſt!
He ſaid, and acting what no words could ſay,
ent from his head the ſilver locks away.
Vith him the mournful mother bears a part;
et all their ſorrows turn not Hector's heart:
he zone unbrac'd, her boſom ſhe diſplay'd;
nd thus, faſt falling the ſalt tears, ſhe ſaid.
Have mercy on me, O my ſon! revere
he words of age; attend a parent's pray'r!
f ever thee in theſe fond arms I preſt,
r ſtill'd thy infant clamours at this breaſt;
h do not thus our helpleſs years foregoe,
ut by our walls ſecur'd, repel the foe.
gainſt his rage if ſingly thou proceed,
hould thou (but heav'n avert it!) ſhould'ſt thou bleed

Nor muſt thy corps lye honour'd on the bier,
Nor ſpouſe nor mother grace thee with a tear;
Far from our pious rites, thoſe dear remains
Muſt feaſt the vultures on the naked plains.

So they, while down their cheeks the torrents roll;
But fix'd remains the purpoſe of his ſoul:
Reſolv'd he ſtands, and with a fiery glance
Expects the hero's terrible advance.
So roll'd up in his den, the ſwelling ſnake
Beholds the traveller approach the brake;
When fed with noxious herbs, his turgid veins
Have gather'd half the poiſons of the plains;
He burns, he ſtiffens with collected ire,
And his red eye-balls glare with living fire.
Beneath a turret, on his ſhield reclin'd,
He ſtood, and queſtion'd thus his mighty mind.

Where lyes my way? to enter in the wall?
Honour and ſhame th' ungen'rous thought recall:
Shall proud Polydamas before the gate
Proclaim, his counſels are obey'd too late,
Which, timely follow'd but the former night,
What numbers had been ſav'd by Hector's flight?
That wiſe advice rejected with diſdain,
I feel my folly in my people ſlain.
Methinks my ſuff'ring country's voice I hear,
But moſt, her worthleſs ſons inſult my ear,
On my raſh courage charge the chance of war,
And blame thoſe virtues which they cannot ſhare.
No——if I e'er return, return I muſt
Glorious, my country's terror laid in duſt:

Or if I periſh, let her ſee me fall
In field at leaſt, and fighting for her wall.
And yet ſuppoſe theſe meaſures I forego,
Approach unarm'd, and parly with the foe,
The warrior-ſhield, the helm, and lance lay down,
And treat on terms of peace to ſave the town:
The wife with-held, the treaſure ill detain'd,
(Cauſe of the war, and grievance of the land)
With honourable juſtice to reſtore;
And add half Ilion's yet remaining ſtore,
Which Troy ſhall, ſworn, produce; that injur'd Greece
May ſhare our wealth, and leave our walls in peace.
But why this thought? unarm'd if I ſhould go,
What hope of mercy from this vengeful foe?
But woman-like to fall, and fall without a blow.
We greet not here, as man converſing man
Met at an oak, or journeying o'er a plain;
No ſeaſon now for calm familiar talk,
Like youths and maidens in an evening walk:
War is our buſineſs; but to whom is giv'n
To die or triumph, that, determine heav'n!
Thus pond'ring, like a god the Greek drew nigh;
His dreadful plumage nodded from on high;
The Pelian jav'lin, in his better hand,
Shot trembling rays that glitter'd o'er the land;
And on his breaſt the beamy ſplendours ſhone
Like Jove's own light'ning, or the riſing ſun.
As Hector ſees, unuſual terrors riſe;
Struck by ſome God, he fears, recedes, and flies.
He leaves the gates, he leaves the walls behind;
Achilles follows like the winged wind.

Thus at the panting dove a falcon flies,
(The ſwifteſt racer of the liquid ſkies)
Juſt when he holds, or thinks he holds his prey,
Obliquely wheeling thro' th' aëreal way;
With open beak, and ſhrilling cries he ſprings,
And aims his claws, and ſhoots upon his wings:
Nor leſs fore-right the rapid chace they held,
One urg'd by fury, one by fear impell'd:
Now circling round the walls their courſe maintain,
Where the high watch-tow'r overlooks the plain;
Now where the fig-trees ſpread their umbrage broad,
(A wider compaſs) ſmoke along the road.
Next by Scamander's double ſource they bound,
Where two fam'd fountains burſt the parted ground;
This hot thro' ſcorching clefts is ſeen to riſe,
With exhalations ſteaming to the ſkies;
That the green banks in ſummer's heat o'erflows,
Like cryſtal clear, and cold as winter-ſnows.
Each guſhing fount a marble ciſtern fills,
Whoſe poliſh'd bed receives the falling rills;
Where Trojan dames, (e'er yet alarm'd by Greece)
Waſh'd their fair garments in the days of peace.
By theſe they paſt, one chaſing, one in flight,
(The mighty fled, purſu'd by ſtronger might)
Swift was the courſe; no vulgar prize they play,
No vulgar victim muſt reward the day,
(Such as in races crown the ſpeedy ſtrife)
The prize contended was great Hector's life.
As when ſome hero's fun'rals are decreed
In grateful honour of the mighty dead;

Where high rewards the vig'rous youth inflame,
Some golden tripod, or some lovely dame)
The panting courſers ſwiftly turn the goal,
And with them turns the rais'd ſpectator's ſoul.
Thus three times round the Trojan wall they fly;
The gazing gods lean forward from the ſky:
To whom, while eager on the chace they look,
The ſire of mortals and immortals ſpoke.
Unworthy ſight! the man belov'd of heav'n,
Behold, inglorious round yon' city driv'n!
My heart partakes the gen'rous Hector's pain;
Hector, whoſe zeal whole hecatombs has ſlain,
Whoſe grateful fumes the gods receiv'd with joy,
From Ida's ſummits, and the tow'rs of Troy:
Now ſee him flying! to his fears reſign'd,
And fate, and fierce Achilles, cloſe behind.
Conſult, ye pow'rs! ('tis worthy your debate)
Whether to ſnatch him from impending fate,
Or let him bear, by ſtern Pelides ſlain,
(Good as he is) the lot impos'd on man?
Then Pallas thus: Shall he whoſe vengeance forms
The forky bolt, and blackens heav'n with ſtorms,
Shall he prolong one Trojan's forfeit breath!
A man, a mortal pre-ordain'd to death!
And will no murmurs fill the courts above?
No gods indignant blame their partial Jove?
Go then (return'd the ſire) without delay,
Exert thy will: I give the fates their way.
Swift at the mandate pleas'd Tritonia flies,
And ſtoops impetuous from the cleaving ſkies.

As thro the foreſt, o'er the vale and lawn
The well-breath'd beagle drives the flying fawn;
In vain he tries the covert of the brakes,
Or deep beneath the trembling thicket ſhakes;
Sure of the vapour in the tainted dews,
The certain hound his various maze purſues.
Thus ſtep by ſtep, where'er the Trojan wheel'd,
There ſwift Achilles compaſs'd round the field.
Oft as to reach the Dardan gates he bends,
And hopes th' aſſiſtance of his pitying friends,
(Whoſe ſhow'ring arrows, as he cours'd below,
From the high turrets might oppreſs the foe)
So oft Achilles turns him to the plain:
He eyes the city, but he eyes in vain.
As men in ſlumbers ſeem with ſpeedy pace,
One to purſue, and one to lead the chace;
Their ſinking limbs the fancy'd courſe forſake,
Nor this can fly, nor that can overtake.
No leſs the lab'ring heroes pant and ſtrain;
While that but flies, and this purſues, in vain.

What god, O Muſe! aſſiſted Hector's force,
With fate itſelf ſo long to hold the courſe?
Phoebus it was, who, in his lateſt hour,
Endu'd his knees with ſtrength, his nerves with pow'r.
And great Achilles leſt ſome Greek's advance,
Should ſnatch the glory from his lifted lance,
Sign'd to the troops to yield his foe the way,
And leave untouch'd the honours of the day.

Jove lifts the golden ballances, that ſhow
The fates of mortal men, and things below:

ere each contending hero's lot he tries,
nd weighs with equal hands their deſtinies.
ow ſinks the ſcale ſurcharg'd with Hector's fate;
eavy with death it ſinks, and hell receives the weight.
Then Phœbus left him. Fierce Minerva flies
o ſtern Pelides, and, triumphing, cries:
h lov'd of Jove! this day our labours ceaſe,
nd conqueſt blazes with full beams on Greece.
reat Hector falls; that Hector fam'd ſo far,
runk with renown, inſatiable of war,
alls by thy hand and mine! not force nor flight
hall more avail him, nor his God of light.
e, where in vain he ſupplicates above,
oll'd at the feet of unrelenting Jove!
eſt here: myſelf will lead the Trojan on,
nd urge to meet the fate he cannot ſhun.
Her voice divine the chief with joyful mind
bey'd, and reſted on his lance reclin'd.
While like Deïphobus the martial dame
Her face, her geſture, and her arms the ſame)
n ſhow an aid, by hapleſs Hector's ſide,
pproach'd, and greets him thus with voice bely'd.
Too long, O Hector! have I born the ſight
ow'r
f this diſtreſs, and ſorrow'd in thy flight:
fits us now a noble ſtand to make,
nd here, as brothers, equal fates partake.
Then he: O prince! ally'd in blood and fame,
arer than all that own a brother's name;
all that Hecuba to Priam bore,
ng try'd, long lov'd; much lov'd, but honour'd more!

Since you of all our num'rous race alone
Defend my life, regardleſs of your own.
Again the Goddeſs: much my father's pray'r,
And much my mother's, preſs'd me to forbear:
My friends embrac'd my knees, adjur'd my ſtay,
But ſtronger love impell'd, and I obey.
Come then, the glorious conflict let us try,
Let the ſteel ſparkle, and the jav'lin fly:
Or let us ſtretch Achilles on the field,
Or to his arm our bloody trophies yield.

Fraudful ſhe ſaid; then ſwiftly march'd before:
The Dardan hero ſhuns his foe no more.
Sternly they met. The ſilence Hector broke;
His dreadful plumage nodded as he ſpoke.

Enough, O ſon of Peleus! Troy has view'd
Her walls thrice circled, and her chief purſu'd.
But now ſome god within me bids me try
Thine, or my fate: I kill thee, or I die.
Yet on the verge of battle let us ſtay,
And for a moment's ſpace ſuſpend the day:
Let heav'n's high pow'rs be call'd to arbitrate
The juſt conditions of this ſtern debate,
(Eternal witneſſes of all below,
And faithful guardians of the treaſur'd vow!)
To them I ſwear; if victor in the ſtrife,
Jove by theſe hands ſhall ſhed thy noble life;
No vile diſhonour ſhall thy corps purſue;
Stript of its arms alone (the conqu'ror's due)
The reſt to Greece uninjur'd I'll reſtore:
Now plight thy mutual oath, I aſk no more.

Talk not of oaths, (the dreadful chief replies,
While anger flash'd from his diſdainful eyes)
Deteſted as thou art, and ought to be,
Nor oath nor pact Achilles plights with thee:
Such pacts as lambs and rabid wolves combine,
Such leagues as men and furious lions join,
To ſuch I call the gods! one conſtant ſtate
Of laſting rancour and eternal hate:
No thought but rage, and never-ceaſing ſtrife,
Till death extinguiſh rage, and thought, and life.
Rouſe then thy forces this important hour;
Collect thy ſoul, and call forth all thy pow'r.
No farther ſubterfuge, no farther chance;
'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives thee to my lance.
Each Grecian ghoſt by thee depriv'd of breath
Now hovers round, and calls thee to thy death.
He ſpoke, and lanc'd his jav'lin at the foe;
But Hector ſhun'd the meditated blow:
He ſtoop'd, while o'er his head the flying ſpear
Sung innocent, and ſpent its force in air.
Minerva watch'd it falling on the land,
Then drew, and gave to great Achilles' hand,
Unſeen of Hector, who, elate with joy,
Now ſhakes his lance, and braves the dread of Troy.
The life you boaſted to that jav'lin giv'n,
Prince! you have miſt. My fate depends on heav'n.
To thee (preſumptuous as thou art) unknown,
Or what muſt prove my fortune, or thy own.
Boaſting is but an art, our fears to blind,
And with falſe terrors ſink another's mind.

But know, whatever fate I am to try,
By no diſhoneſt wound ſhall Hector die;
I ſhall not fall a fugitive at leaſt,
My ſoul ſhall bravely iſſue from my breaſt:
But firſt try thou my arm, and may this dart
End all my country's woes, deep buried in thy heart!

The weapon flew, its courſe unerring held,
Unerring, but the heav'nly ſhield repell'd
The mortal dart; reſulting with a bound
From off the ringing orb, it ſtruck the ground.
Hector beheld his jav'lin fall in vain,
Nor other lance, nor other hope remain;
He calls Deïphobus, demands a ſpear,
In vain, for no Deïphobus was there.
All comfortleſs he ſtands: then, with a ſigh,
'Tis ſo—heav'n wills it, and my hour is nigh!
I deem'd Deïphobus had heard my call,
But he ſecure lies guarded in the wall.
A god deceiv'd me; Pallas, 'twas thy deed.
Death and black fate approach! 'Tis I muſt bleed.
No refuge now, no ſuccour from above;
Great Jove deſerts me, and the ſon of Jove,
Propitious once and kind! Then welcome fate!
'Tis true I periſh, yet I periſh great:
Yet in a mighty deed I ſhall expire,
Let future ages hear it, and admire!

Fierce, at the word, his weighty ſword he drew,
And, all collected, on Achilles flew.
So Jove's bold bird, high-balanc'd in the air,
Stoops from the clouds to truſs the quiv'ring hare.

Nor leſs Achilles his fierce ſoul prepares;
Before his breaſt the flaming ſhield he bears,
Refulgent orb! above his fourfold cone
The gilded horſe-hair ſparkled in the ſun,
Nodding at ev'ry ſtep, (Vulcanian frame!)
And as he mov'd, his figure ſeem'd on flame.
As radiant Heſper ſhin'd with keener light,
Far-beaming o'er the ſilver hoſt of night,
When all the ſtarry train emblaze the ſphere:
So ſhone the point of great Achilles' ſpear.
In his right hand he waves the weapon round,
Eyes the whole man, and meditates the wound;
But the rich mail Patroclus lately wore,
Securely cas'd the warrior's body o'er.
One place at length he ſpies to let in fate,
Where 'twixt the neck and throat the jointed plate
Gave entrance: thro' that penetrable part
Furious he drove the well-directed dart:
Nor pierc'd the wind-pipe yet, nor took the pow'r
Of ſpeech, unhappy! from thy dying hour.
Prone on the field the bleeding warrior lies,
While thus triumphing, ſtern Achilles cries.
At laſt is Hector ſtretch'd upon the plain,
Who fear'd no vengeance for Patroclus ſlain:
Then, prince! you ſhould have fear'd, what now you feel;
Achilles abſent, was Achilles ſtill.
Yet a ſhort ſpace the great avenger ſtay'd,
Then low in duſt thy ſtrength and glory lay'd,
Peaceful he ſleeps, with all our rites adorn'd,
For ever honour'd, and for ever mourn'd:

While caſt to all the rage of hoſtile pow'r,
Thee, birds ſhall mangle, and the dogs devour.
Then Hector fainting, at th' approach of death:
By thy own ſoul! by thoſe who gave thee breath!
By all the ſacred prevalence of pray'r;
Ah! leave me not for Grecian dogs to tear!
The common rites of ſepulture beſtow,
To ſooth a father's and a mother's woe;
Let their large gifts procure an urn at leaſt,
And Hector's aſhes in his country reſt.
No, wretch accurſt! (relentleſs he replies,
Flames, as he ſpoke, ſhot flaſhing from his eyes)
Not thoſe who gave me breath ſhould bid me ſpare,
Nor all the ſacred prevalence of pray'r.
Could I myſelf the bloody banquet join!
No——to the dogs that carcaſe I reſign.
Should Troy, to bribe me, bring forth all her ſtore,
And giving thouſands, offer thouſands more;
Should Dardan Priam, and his weeping dame
Drain their whole realm to buy one fun'ral flame;
Their Hector on the pile they ſhould not ſee,
Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee.
Then thus the chief his dying accents drew;
Thy rage, implacable! too well I knew:
The furies that relentleſs breaſt have ſteel'd,
And curſt thee with a heart that cannot yield.
Yet think, a day will come, when fate's decree
And angry gods, ſhall wreak this wrong on thee;
Phoebus and Paris ſhall avenge my fate,
And ſtretch thee here, before the Scaean gate.

He ceas'd: the fates ſuppreſt his lab'ring breath,
And his eyes ſtiffen'd at the hand of death;
To the dark realm the ſpirit wings its way,
(The manly body left a load of clay)
And plaintive glides along the dreary coaſt,
A naked, wand'ring, melancholy ghoſt!
Achilles, muſing, as he roll'd his eyes
O'er the dead hero, thus (unheard) replies:
Die thou the firſt! when Jove and heav'n ordain,
I follow thee———He ſaid, and ſtript the ſlain.
Then forcing backward from the gaping wound
The reeking jav'lin, caſt it on the ground.
The thronging Greeks behold with wond'ring eyes
His manly beauty and ſuperior ſize:
While ſome ignobler the great dead deface,
With wounds ungen'rous, or with taunts diſgrace.
"How chang'd that Hector! who like Jove of late
"Sent light'ning on our fleets, and ſcatter'd fate?"
High o'er the ſlain the great Achilles ſtands,
Begirt with heroes, and ſurrounding bands;
And thus aloud, while all the hoſt attends.
Princes and leaders! countrymen and friends!
Since now at length the pow'rful will of heav'n
The dire deſtroyer to our arms has giv'n,
Is not Troy fall'n already? Haſte, ye pow'rs!
See, if already their deſerted tow'rs
Are left unman'd; or if they yet retain
The ſouls of heroes, their great Hector ſlain?
But what is Troy, of glory what to me?
Or why reflects my mind on aught but thee,

Divine Patroclus! death has ſeal'd his eyes;
Unwept, unhonour'd, uninterr'd he lyes!
Can his dear image from my ſoul depart,
Long as the vital ſpirit moves my heart?
If, in the melancholy ſhades below,
The flames of friends and lovers ceaſe to glow,
Yet mine ſhall ſacred laſt; mine, undecay'd,
Burn on thro' death, and animate my ſhade.
Meanwhile, ye ſons of Greece! in triumph bring
The corps of Hector, and your Paeans ſing.
Be this the ſong, ſlow moving tow'rd the ſhore,
" Hector is dead, and Ilion is no more."

Then his fell ſoul a thought of vengeance bred,
(Unworthy of himſelf, and of the dead)
The nervous ancles bor'd, his feet he bound
With thongs inſerted thro' the double wound;
Theſe fix'd up high behind the rolling wain,
His graceful head was trail'd along the plain.
Proud on his car th' inſulting victor ſtood,
And bore aloft his arms, diſtilling blood.
He ſmites the ſteeds; the rapid chariot flies;
The ſudden clouds of circling duſt ariſe.
Now loſt is all that formidable air;
The face divine, and long-deſcending hair
Purple the ground, and ſtreak the ſable ſand;
Deform'd, diſhonour'd, in his native land!
Giv'n to the rage of an inſulting throng!
And, in his parent's ſight, now dragg'd along!

The mother firſt beheld with ſad ſurvey;
She rent her treſſes, venerably grey,
And caſt, far off, the regal veils away.

With piercing ſhrieks his bitter fate ſhe moans,
While the ſad father anſwers groans with groans,
Tears after tears his mournful cheeks o'erflow,
And the whole city wears one face of woe.
No leſs, than if the rage of hoſtile fires
From her foundations curling to her ſpires,
O'er the proud citadel at length ſhould riſe,
And the laſt blaze ſend Ilion to the ſkies.
The wretched monarch of the falling ſtate,
Diſtracted, preſſes to the Dardan gate.
Scarce the whole people ſtop his deſp'rate courſe,
While ſtrong affliction gives the feeble force:
Grief tears his heart, and drives him to and fro,
In all the raging impotence of woe.
At length he roll'd in duſt, and thus begun,
Imploring all, and naming one by one:
Ah! let me, let me go where ſorrow calls;
I, only I, will iſſue from your walls,
(Guide or companion, friends! I aſk ye none)
And bow before the murd'rer of my ſon.
My grief, perhaps, his pity may engage;
Perhaps, at leaſt, he may reſpect my age.
He has a father too; a man like me;
One, not exempt from age and miſery.
(Vig'rous, no more, as when his young embrace
Begot this peſt of me, and all my race.)
How many valiant ſons, in early bloom,
Has that curſt hand ſent headlong to the tomb!
Thee, Hector! laſt: thy loſs (divinely brave)
Sinks my ſad ſoul with ſorrow to the grave.

Oh had thy gentle ſpirit paſt in peace,
The ſon expiring in the ſire's embrace;
While both thy parents wept the fatal hour,
And, bending o'er thee, mix'd the tender ſhow'r!
Some comfort that had been, ſome ſad relief,
To melt in full ſatiety of grief!

Thus wail'd the father grov'ling on the ground,
And all the eyes of Ilion ſtream'd around.

Amidſt her matrons Hecuba appears,
(A mourning princeſs, and a train in tears)
Ah! why has heav'n prolong'd this hated breath,
Patient of horrors, to behold thy death?
Oh Hector! late thy parents pride and joy,
The boaſt of nations! the defence of Troy!
To whom her ſafety and her fame ſhe ow'd,
Her chief, her hero, and almoſt her god!
O fatal change! become in one ſad day
A ſenſeleſs corſe! inanimated clay!

But not as yet the fatal news had ſpread
To fair Andromache, of Hector dead;
As yet no meſſenger had told his fate;
Nor ev'n his ſtay without the Scaean gate.
Far in the cloſe receſſes of the dome,
Penſive ſhe ply'd the melancholy loom;
A growing work employ'd her ſecret hours,
Confus'dly gay with intermingled flow'rs.
Her fair-hair'd handmaids heat the brazen urn,
The bath preparing for her lord's return;
In vain: alas! her lord returns no more!
Unbath'd he lies, and bleeds along the ſhore!

Now from the walls the clamours reach her ear,
And all her members ſhake with ſudden fear;
Forth from her iv'ry hand the ſhuttle falls,
As thus, aſtoniſh'd, to her maids ſhe calls.
Ah follow me! (ſhe cry'd) what plaintive noiſe
Invades my ear? 'tis ſure my mother's voice.
My falt'ring knees their trembling frame deſert,
A pulſe unuſual flutters at my heart.
Some ſtrange diſaſter, ſome reverſe of fate
Ye (gods avert it) threats the Trojan ſtate.
Far be the omen which my thoughts ſuggeſt!
But much I fear my Hector's dauntleſs breaſt
Confronts Achilles; chas'd along the plain,
Shut from our walls! I fear, I fear him ſlain!
Safe in the croud he ever ſcorn'd to wait,
And ſought for glory in the jaws of fate:
Perhaps that noble heat has coſt his breath,
Now quench'd for ever in the arms of death.
She ſpoke; and furious, with diſtracted pace,
Fears in her heart, and anguiſh in her face,
Flies thro' the dome, (the maids her ſteps purſue)
And mounts the walls, and ſends around her view.
Too ſoon her eyes the killing object found,
The god-like Hector dragg'd along the ground.
A ſudden darkneſs ſhades her ſwimming eyes:
She faints, ſhe falls; her breath, her colour flies.
Her hair's fair ornaments, the braids that bound,
The net that held them, and the wreath that crown'd,
The veil and diadem flew far away;
(The gift of Venus on her bridal day)

Around, a train of weeping ſiſters ſtands,
To raiſe her ſinking with aſſiſtant hands.
Scarce from the verge of death recall'd, again
She faints, or but recovers to complain.

O wretched huſband of a wretched wife!
Born with one fate, to one unhappy life!
For ſure one ſtar its baneful beam diſplay'd
On Priam's roof, and Hippoplacia's ſhade.
From diff'rent parents, diff'rent climes we came,
At diff'rent periods, yet our fate the ſame!
Why was my birth to great Aëtion ow'd,
And why was all that tender care beſtow'd?
Would I had never been!——O thou, the ghoſt
Of my dead huſband! miſerably loſt!
Thou to the diſmal realms for ever gone!
And I abandon'd, deſolate, alone!
An only child, once comfort of my pains,
Sad product now of hapleſs love, remains!
No more to ſmile upon his ſire! no friend
To help him now! no father to defend!
For ſhould he 'ſcape the ſword, the common doom,
What wrongs attend him, and what griefs to come?
Ev'n from his own paternal roof expell'd,
Some ſtranger plows his patrimonial field.
The day, that to the ſhades the father ſends,
Robs the ſad orphan of his father's friends:
He, wretched outcaſt of mankind! appears
For ever ſad, for ever bath'd in tears;
Amongſt the happy, unregarded he,
Hangs on the robe, or trembles at the knee,

While thoſe his father's former bounty fed,
Nor reach the goblet, nor divide the bread:
The kindeſt but his preſent wants allay,
To leave him wretched the ſucceeding day.
Frugal compaſſion! heedleſs they who boaſt
Both parents ſtill, nor feel what he has loſt,
Shall cry, "Begone! thy father feaſts not here:
The wretch obeys, retiring with a tear.
Thus wretched, thus retiring all in tears,
To my ſad ſoul Aſtyanax appears!
Forc'd by repeated inſults to return,
And to his widow'd mother vainly mourn.
He, who with tender delicacy bred,
With princes ſported, and on dainties fed,
And when ſtill ev'ning gave him up to reſt,
Sunk ſoft in down upon the nurſe's breaſt,
Muſt——ah what muſt he not? whom Ilion calls
Aſtyanax, from her well-guarded walls,
Is now that name no more, unhappy boy!
Since now no more the father guards his Troy.
But thou my Hector ly'ſt expos'd in air,
Far from thy parent's and thy conſort's care,
Whoſe hand in vain, directed by her love,
The martial ſcarf and robe of triumph wove.
Now to devouring flames be theſe a prey,
Uſeleſs to thee, from this accurſed day!
Yet let the ſacrifice at leaſt be paid,
An honour to the living, not the dead!
So ſpake the mournful dame: her matrons hear,
Sigh back her ſighs, and anſwer tear with tear.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XXIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The funeral of Patroclus.

ACHILLES and the Myrmidons do honours to the body of Patroclus. After the funeral feaſt he retires to the ſea-ſhore, where falling aſleep, the ghoſt of his friend appears to him, and demands the rites of burial; the next morning the ſoldiers are ſent with mules and waggons to fetch wood for the pyre. The funeral proceſſion, and the offering of their hair to the dead. Achilles ſacrifices ſeveral animals, and laſtly, twelve Trojan captives at the pile, then ſets fire to it. He pays libations to the winds, which (at the inſtance of Iris) riſe, and raiſe the flames. When the pile has burned all night, they gather the bones, place them in an urn of gold, and raiſe the tomb. Achilles inſtitutes the funeral games: the chariot-race, the fight of the Caeſtus, the wreſtling, the foot-race, the ſingle combate, the Diſcus, the ſhooting with arrows, the darting the javelin: the various deſcriptions of which, and the various ſucceſs of the ſeveral antagoniſts, make the greateſt part of the book.

In this book ends the thirtieth day. The night following, the ghoſt of Patroclus appears to Achilles: the one and thirtieth day is employed in felling the timber for the pile; the two and thirtieth in burning it and the three and thirtieth in the games. The ſcene is generally on the ſea-ſhore.

THUS humbled in the duſt, the penſive train
Thro' the ſad city mourn'd her hero ſlain.
The body ſoil'd with duſt, and black with gore,
Lyes on broad Helleſpont's reſounding ſhore:
The Grecians ſeek their ſhips, and clear the ſtrand,
All, but the martial Myrmidonian band:
Theſe yet aſſembled great Achilles holds,
And the ſtern purpoſe of his mind unfolds.

Not yet (my brave companions of the war)
Releaſe your ſmoaking courſers from the car;
But, with his chariot each in order led,
Perform due honours to Patroclus dead.
E'er yet from reſt or food we ſeek relief,
Some rites remain, to glut our rage of grief.

The troops obey'd; and thrice in order led
(Achilles firſt) their courſers round the dead;
And thrice their ſorrows and laments renew;
Tears bathe their arms, and tears the ſands bedew.
For ſuch a warrior Thetis aids their woe,
Melts their ſtrong hearts, and bids their eyes to flow.
But chief Pelides: thick-ſucceeding ſighs,
Burſt from his heart, and torrents from his eyes:
His ſlaught'ring hands, yet red with blood, he laid
On his dead friend's cold breaſt, and thus he ſaid.

All hail, Patroclus! let thy honour'd ghoſt
Hear, and rejoice on Pluto's dreary coaſt;
Behold! Achilles' promiſe is compleat;
The bloody Hector ſtretch'd before thy feet.
Lo! to the dogs his carcaſe I reſign;
And twelve ſad victims of the Trojan line,
Sacred to vengeance, inſtant ſhall expire,
Their lives effus'd around thy fun'ral pyre.
Gloomy he ſaid, and (horrible to view)
Before the bier the bleeding Hector threw,
Prone on the duſt. The Myrmidons around
Unbrac'd their armour, and the ſteeds unbound.
All to Achilles' ſable ſhip repair,
Frequent and full, the genial feaſt to ſhare.
Now from the well-fed ſwine black ſmoaks aſpire,
The briſtly victims hiſſing o'er the fire;
The huge ox bellowing falls; with feebler cries
Expires the goat; the ſheep in ſilence dies:
Around the hero's proſtrate body flow'd
In one promiſcuous ſtream, the reeking blood.
And now a band of Argive monarchs brings
The glorious victor to the king of kings.
From his dead friend the penſive warrior went,
With ſteps unwilling, to the regal tent.
Th'attending heralds, as by office bound,
With kindled flames the tripod-vaſe ſurround;
To cleanſe his conqu'ring hands from hoſtile gore,
They urg'd in vain; the chief refus'd, and ſwore.
No drop ſhall touch me, by Almighty Jove!
The firſt and greateſt of the gods above!

'Till on the pyre I place thee; 'till I rear
The graſſy mound, and clip thy ſacred hair.
Some eaſe at leaſt thoſe pious rites may give,
And ſoothe my ſorrows, while I bear to live.
Howe'er, reluctant as I am, I ſtay,
And ſhare your feaſt; but, with the dawn of day,
(O king of men!) it claims thy royal care,
That Greece the warrior's fun'ral pile prepare,
And bid the foreſts fall: (ſuch rites are paid
To heroes ſlumb'ring in eternal ſhade)
Then, when his earthly part ſhall mount in fire,
Let the leagu'd ſquadrons to their poſts retire.
He ſpoke; they hear him, and the word obey;
The rage of hunger and of thirſt allay,
Then eaſe in ſleep the labours of the day.
But great Pelides, ſtretch'd along the ſhore
Where daſh'd on rocks the broken billows roar,
Lies inly groaning; while on either hand
The martial Myrmidons confus'dly ſtand:
Along the graſs his languid members fall,
Tir'd with his chace around the Trojan wall;
Huſh'd by the murmurs of the rolling deep
At length he ſinks in the ſoft arms of ſleep.
When lo! the ſhade before his cloſing eyes
Of ſad Patroclus roſe, or ſeem'd to riſe;
In the ſame robe he living wore, he came,
In ſtature, voice, and pleaſing look, the ſame.
The form familiar hover'd o'er his head,
And ſleeps Achilles, (thus the phantom ſaid)
Sleeps my Achilles, his Patroclus dead?

Living, I ſeem'd his deareſt, tend'reſt care,
But now forgot, I wander in the air;
Let my pale corſe the rites of burial know,
And give me entrance in the realms below:
Till then, the ſpirit finds no reſting place,
But here and there th' unbody'd ſpectres chace
The vagrant dead around the dark abode,
Forbid to croſs th' irremeable flood.
Now give thy hand; for to the farther ſhore
When once we paſs, the ſoul returns no more.
When once the laſt funereal flames aſcend,
No more ſhall meet, Achilles and his friend,
No more our thoughts to thoſe we lov'd make known,
Or quit the deareſt, to converſe alone.
Me fate has ſever'd from the ſons of earth,
The fate fore-doom'd that waited from my birth:
Thee too it waits; before the Trojan wall
Ev'n great and godlike thou art doom'd to fall.
Hear then; and as in fate and love we join,
Ah ſuffer that my bones may reſt with thine!
Together have we liv'd, together bred,
One houſe receiv'd us, and one table fed;
That golden urn thy Goddeſs-mother gave,
May mix our aſhes in one common grave.
And is it thou (he anſwers) to my ſight
Once more return'ſt thou from the realms of night?
Oh more than brother! think each office paid,
Whate'er can reſt a diſcontented ſhade;
But grant one laſt embrace, unhappy boy!
Afford at leaſt that melancholy joy.

He ſaid, and with his longing arms eſſay'd
In vain to graſp the viſionary ſhade;
Like a thin ſmoak he ſees the ſpirit fly,
And hears a feeble, lamentable cry.
Confus'd he wakes; amazement breaks the bands
Of golden ſleep, and ſtarting from the ſands,
Penſive he muſes with uplifted hands.
'Tis true, 'tis certain; man, though dead, retains
Part of himſelf, th'immortal mind remains:
The form ſubſiſts, without the body's aid,
Aëreal ſemblance, and an empty ſhade!
This night my friend, ſo late in battle loſt,
Stood at my ſide, a penſive, plaintive ghoſt;
Ev'n now familiar, as in life he came,
Alas how diff'rent! yet how like the ſame!
Thus while he ſpoke, each eye grew big with tears
And now the roſy-finger'd morn appears,
Shews ev'ry mournful face with tears o'erſpread,
And glares on the pale viſage of the dead.
But Agamemnon, as the rites demand,
With mules and waggons ſends a choſen band;
To load the timber, and the pile to rear,
A charge conſign'd to Merion's faithful care.
With proper inſtruments they take the road,
Axes to cut, and ropes to ſling the load.
Firſt march the heavy mules, ſecurely ſlow,
O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks, they go:
Jumping high o'er the ſhrubs of the rough ground,
Rattle the clatt'ring cars, and the ſhockt axles bound.
But when arriv'd at Ida's ſpreading woods,
(Fair Ida, water'd with deſcending floods)

Loud ſounds the axe, redoubling ſtrokes on ſtrokes;
On all ſides round the foreſt hurls her oaks
Headlong. Deep-echoing groan the thickets brown;
Then ruſtling, crackling, craſhing, thunder down.
The wood the Grecians cleave, prepar'd to burn;
And the ſlow mules the ſame rough road return.
The ſturdy woodmen equal burdens bore
(Such charge was giv'n them) to the ſandy ſhore;
There on the ſpot which great Achilles ſhow'd,
They eas'd their ſhoulders, and diſpos'd the load;
Circling around the place, where times to come
Shall view Patroclus' and Achilles' tomb.
The hero bids his martial troops appear
High on their cars, in all the pomp of war;
Each in refulgent arms his limbs attires,
All mount their chariots, combatants and ſquires.
The chariots firſt proceed, a ſhining train;
Then clouds of foot that ſmoak along the plain;
Next theſe a melancholy band appear,
Amidſt, lay dead Patroclus on the bier:
O'er all the corſe their ſcatter'd locks they throw.
Achilles next, oppreſs'd with mighty woe,
Supporting with his hands the hero's head,
Bends o'er th' extended body of the dead.
Patroclus decent on th' appointed ground
They place, and heap the ſylvan pile around.
But great Achilles ſtands apart in pray'r,
And from his head divides the yellow hair;
Thoſe curling locks which from his youth he vow'd,
And ſacred grew to Sperchius honour'd flood:

Then ſighing, to the deep his looks he caſt,
And roll'd his eyes around the wat'ry waſte.
Sperchius! whoſe waves in mazy errors loſt
Delightful roll along my native coaſt!
To whom we vainly vow'd, at our return,
Theſe locks to fall, and hecatombs to burn;
Full fifty rams to bleed in ſacrifice,
Where to the day thy ſilver fountains riſe,
And where in ſhade of conſecrated bow'rs
The altars ſtand, perfum'd with native flow'rs!
So vow'd my father, but he vow'd in vain;
No more Achilles ſees his native plain;
In that vain hope theſe hairs no longer grow,
Patroclus bears them to the ſhades below.
Thus o'er Patroclus while the hero pray'd,
On his cold hand the ſacred lock he laid.
Once more afreſh the Grecian ſorrows flow:
And now the ſun had ſet upon their woe;
But to the king of men thus ſpoke the chief.
Enough, Atrides! give the troops relief:
Permit the mourning legions to retire,
And let the chiefs alone attend the pyre;
The pious care be ours, the dead to burn——
He ſaid: the people to their ſhips return:
While thoſe deputed to inter the ſlain
Heap with a riſing pyramid the plain.
A hundred foot in length, a hundred wide,
The growing ſtructure ſpreads on ev'ry ſide;
High on the top the manly corſe they lay,
And well fed ſheep, and ſable oxen ſlay:

Achilles cover'd with their fat the dead,
And the pil'd victims round the body ſpread.
Then jars of honey, and of fragrant oil
Suſpends around, low-bending o'er the pile.
Four ſprightly courſers, with a deadly groan
Pour forth their lives, and on the pyre are thrown.
Of nine large dogs, domeſtic at his board,
Fall two, ſelected to attend their lord.
Then laſt of all, and horrible to tell,
Sad ſacrifice! twelve Trojan captives fell.
On theſe the rage of fire victorious preys,
Involves, and joins them in one common blaze.
Smear'd with the bloody rites, he ſtands on high,
And calls the ſpirit with a dreadful cry.
All hail, Patroclus! let thy vengeful ghoſt
Hear, and exult on Pluto's dreary coaſt.
Behold, Achilles' promiſe fully paid,
Twelve Trojan heroes offer'd to thy ſhade;
But heavier fates on Hector's corſe attend,
Sav'd from the flames, for hungry dogs to rend.
So ſpake he threat'ning: but the gods made vain
His threat, and guard inviolate the ſlain:
Celeſtial Venus hover'd o'er his head,
And roſeate unguents, (heav'nly fragrance!) ſhed:
She watch'd him all the night, and all the day,
And drove the bloodhounds from their deſtin'd prey.
Nor ſacred Phoebus leſs employ'd his care;
He pour'd around a veil of gather'd air,
And kept the nerves undry'd, the fleſh entire,
Againſt the ſolar beam and Sirian fire.

Nor yet the pile where dead Patroclus lies,
Smoaks, nor as yet the ſullen flames ariſe;
But faſt beſide Achilles ſtood in pray'r,
Invok'd the gods whoſe ſpirit moves the air,
And victims promis'd, and libations caſt,
To gentle Zephyr and the Boreal blaſt:
He call'd th' aereal Pow'rs, along the ſkies
To breathe, and whiſper to the fires to riſe.
The winged Iris heard the hero's call,
And inſtant haſten'd to their airy hall,
Where, in old Zephyr's open courts on high,
Sate all the bluſt'ring brethren of the ſky.
She ſhone amidſt them on her painted bow;
The rocky pavement glitter'd with the ſhow.
All from the banquet riſe, and each invites
The various Goddeſs to partake the rites.
Not ſo, (the dame reply'd) I haſte to go
To ſacred Ocean, and the floods below:
Ev'n now our ſolemn hecatombs attend,
And heav'n is feaſting on the world's green end,
With righteous Æthiops (uncorrupted train!)
Far on th' extremeſt limits of the main.
But Peleus' ſon intreats, with ſacrifice,
The Weſtern Spirit, and the North to riſe;
Let on Patroclus' pile your blaſts be driv'n,
And bear the blazing honours high to heav'n.

Swift as the word, ſhe vaniſh'd from their view;
Swift as the word, the winds tumultuous flew;
Forth burſt the ſtormy band with thund'ring roar,
And heaps on heaps the clouds are toſt before.

To the wide main then ſtooping from the ſkies,
The heaving deeps in wat'ry mountains riſe:
Troy feels the blaſt along her ſhaking walls,
'Till on the pile the gather'd tempeſt falls.
The ſtructure crackles in the roaring fires,
And all the night the plenteous flame aſpires.
All night, Achilles hails Patroclus' ſoul,
With large libations from the golden bowl.
As a poor father helpleſs and undone,
Mourns o'er the aſhes of an only ſon,
Takes a ſad pleaſure the laſt bones to burn,
And pour in tears, ere yet they cloſe the urn.
So ſtay'd Achilles, circling round the ſhore,
So watch'd the flames, 'till now they flame no more.
'Twas when, emerging thro' the ſhades of night,
The morning planet told th' approach of light;
And faſt behind, Aurora's warmer ray
O'er the broad ocean pour'd the golden day:
Then ſunk the blaze, the pile no longer burn'd,
And to their caves the whiſtling winds return'd:
Acroſs the Thracian ſeas their courſe they bore;
The ruffled ſeas beneath their paſſage roar.
Then parting from the pile he ceas'd to weep,
And ſunk to quiet in th' embrace of ſleep,
Exhauſted with his grief: meanwhile the croud
Of thronging Grecians round Achilles ſtood;
The tumult wak'd him: from his eyes he ſhook
Unwilling ſlumber, and the chiefs beſpoke.
Ye kings and princes of th' Achaian name!
Firſt let us quench the yet-remaining flame

With ſable wine; then, (as the rites direct)
The hero's bones with careful view ſelect:
(Apart, and eaſy to be known they lie,
Amidſt the heap, and obvious to the eye;
The reſt around the margins will be ſeen,
Promiſcuous, ſteeds, and immolated men)
Theſe wrapt in double cawls of fat, prepare;
And in the golden vaſe diſpoſe with care;
There let them reſt, with decent honour laid,
'Till I ſhall follow to th' infernal ſhade.
Meantime erect the tomb with pious hands,
A common ſtructure on the humble ſands;
Hereafter Greece ſome nobler work may raiſe,
And late poſterity record our praiſe.

The Greeks obey; where yet the embers glow,
Wide o'er the pile the ſable wine they throw,
And deep ſubſides the aſhy heap below.
Next the white bones his ſad companions place
With tears collected, in the golden vaſe.
The ſacred relics to the tent they bore;
The urn a veil of linen cover'd o'er.
That done, they bid the ſepulchre aſpire,
And caſt the deep foundations round the pyre;
High in the midſt they heap the ſwelling bed
Of riſing earth, memorial of the dead.

The ſwarming populace the chief detains,
And leads amidſt a wide extent of plains;
There plac'd them round: then from the ſhips proceed
A train of oxen, mules, and ſtately ſteeds,
Vaſes and tripods, for the fun'ral games,
Reſplendent braſs, and more reſplendent dames.

First ſtood the prizes to reward the force
Of rapid racers in the duſty courſe.
A woman for the firſt, in beauty's bloom,
Skill'd in the needle, and the lab'ring loom;
And a large vaſe, where two bright handles riſe,
Of twenty meaſures its capacious ſize.
The ſecond victor claims a mare unbroke,
Big with a mule, unknowing of the yoke:
The third, a charger yet untouch'd by flame;
Four ample meaſures held the ſhining frame:
Two golden talents for the fourth were plac'd;
An ample double bowl contents the laſt.
Theſe in fair order rang'd upon the plain,
The hero, riſing, thus addreſs'd the train.
Behold the prizes, valiant Greeks! decreed
To the brave rulers of the racing ſteed;
Prizes which none beſide ourſelf could gain,
Should our immortal courſers take the plain;
A race unrivall'd, which from ocean's God
Peleus receiv'd, and on his ſon beſtow'd.)
But this no time our vigour to diſplay,
Nor ſuit, with them, the games of this ſad day:
Loſt is Patroclus now, that wont to deck
Their flowing manes, and ſleek their gloſſy neck.
Sad, as they ſhar'd in human grief, they ſtand,
And trail thoſe graceful honours on the ſand!
Let others for the noble taſk prepare,
Who truſt the courſer, and the flying car.
Fir'd at his word, the rival racers riſe;
But far the firſt, Eumelus hopes the prize,

Fam'd thro' Pieria for the fleeteſt breed,
And ſkill'd to manage the high-bounding ſteed.
With equal ardour bold Tydides ſwell'd,
The ſteeds of Tros beneath his yoke compell'd,
(Which late obey'd the Dardan chief's command,
When ſcarce a god redeem'd him from his hand)
Then Menelaus his Podargus brings,
And the fam'd courſer of the king of kings:
Whom rich Echepolus, (more rich than brave)
To 'ſcape the wars, to Agamemnon gave,
(Æthe her name) at home to end his days,
Baſe wealth preferring to eternal praiſe.
Next him Antilochus demands the courſe,
With beating heart, and cheers his Pylian horſe.
Experienc'd Neſtor gives his ſon the reins,
Directs his judgment, and his heat reſtrains;
Nor idly warns the hoary ſire, nor hears
The prudent ſon with unattending ears.

My ſon! tho' youthful ardour fire thy breaſt,
The gods have lov'd thee, and with arts have bleſt.
Neptune and Jove on thee conferr'd the ſkill,
Swift round the goal to turn the flying wheel.
To guide thy conduct, little precept needs;
But ſlow, and paſt their vigour, are my ſteeds.
Fear not thy rivals, tho' for ſwiftneſs known,
Compare thoſe rivals judgment, with thy own:
It is not ſtrength, but art, obtains the prize,
And to be ſwift is leſs than to be wiſe:
'Tis more by art, than force of num'rous ſtrokes,
The dext'rous woodman ſhapes the ſtubborn oaks:

By art, the pilot thro' the boiling deep
And howling tempeſt, ſteers the fearleſs ſhip:
And 'tis the artiſt wins the glorious courſe,
Not thoſe, who truſt in chariots, and in horſe.
In vain unſkilful to the goal they ſtrive,
And ſhort, or wide, th' ungovern'd courſer drive:
While with ſure ſkill, tho' with inferior ſteeds,
The knowing racer to his end proceeds;
Fix'd on the goal his eye fore-runs the courſe,
His hand unerring ſteers the ſteady horſe,
And now contracts, or now extends the rein,
Obſerving ſtill the foremoſt on the plain.
Mark then the goal, 'tis eaſy to be found;
Yon' aged trunk, a cubit from the ground;
Of ſome once-ſtately oak the laſt remains,
Or hardy fir, unperiſh'd with the rains.
Inclos'd with ſtones conſpicuous from afar,
And round, a circle for the wheeling car.
(Some tomb perhaps of old, the dead to grace;
Or then, as now, the limit of a race)
Bear cloſe to this, and warily proceed,
A little bending to the left hand-ſteed;
But urge the right, and give him all the reins;
While thy ſtrict hand his fellow's head reſtrains,
And turns him ſhort; 'till, doubling as they roll,
The wheel's round naves appear to bruſh the goal.
Yet (not to break the car, or lame the horſe)
Clear of the ſtony heap direct the courſe;
Leſt thro' incaution failing, thou may'ſt be
A joy to others, a reproach to me.

So ſhalt thou paſs the goal, ſecure of mind,
And leave unſkilful ſwiftneſs far behind.
Tho' thy fierce rival drove the matchleſs ſteed
Which bore Adraſtus, of celeſtial breed;
Or the fam'd race thro' all the regions known,
That whirl'd the car of proud Laomedon.

Thus, (nought unſaid) the much-adviſing ſage
Concludes; then ſate, ſtiff with unwieldy age.
Next bold Meriones was ſeen to riſe,
The laſt, but not leaſt ardent for the prize.
They mount their ſeats; the lots their place diſpoſe;
(Roll'd in his helmet, theſe Achilles throws.)
Young Neſtor leads the race: Eumelus then;
And next, the brother of the king of men:
Thy lot, Meriones, the fourth was caſt;
And, far the braveſt, Diomed, was laſt.
They ſtand in order, an impatient train;
Pelides points the barrier on the plain,
And ſends before old Phoenix to the place,
To mark the racers, and to judge the race.
At once the courſers from the barrier bound;
The lifted ſcourges all at once reſound;
Their heart, their eyes, their voice, they ſend before
And up the champain thunder from the ſhore:
Thick, where they drive, the duſty clouds ariſe,
And the loſt courſer in the whirlwind flies;
Looſe on their ſhoulders the long manes reclin'd,
Float in their ſpeed, and dance upon the wind:
The ſmoaking chariots, rapid as they bound,
Now ſeem to touch the ſky, and now the ground.

While hot for fame, and conqueſt all their care,
Each o'er his flying courſer hung in air)
Erect with ardour, pois'd upon the rein,
They pant, they ſtretch, they ſhout along the plain.
Now, (the laſt compaſs fetch'd around the goal)
At the near prize each gathers all his ſoul,
Each burns with double hope, with double pain,
Tears up the ſhore, and thunders tow'rd the main.
Firſt flew Eumelus on Pheretian ſteeds;
With thoſe of Tros, bold Diomed ſucceeds:
Cloſe on Eumelus' back they puff the wind,
And ſeem juſt mounting on his car behind;
Full on his neck he feels the ſultry breeze,
And hov'ring o'er, their ſtretching ſhadows ſees.
Then had he loſt, or left a doubtful prize;
But angry Phoebus to Tydides flies,
Strikes from his hand the ſcourge, and renders vain
His matchleſs horſes labour on the plain.
Rage fills his eye with anguiſh, to ſurvey
Snatch'd from his hope, the glories of the day.
The fraud celeſtial Pallas ſees with pain,
Springs to her knight, and gives the ſcourge again,
And fills his ſteeds with vigour. At a ſtroke
She breaks the rival's chariot from the yoke;
No more their way the ſtartled horſes held;
The car revers'd came rattling on the field;
Shot headlong from his ſeat, beſide the wheel,
Prone on the duſt th' unhappy maſter fell;
His batter'd face and elbows ſtrike the ground;
Noſe, mouth and front, one undiſtinguiſh'd wound:

Grief ſtops his voice, a torrent drowns his eyes;
Before him far the glad Tydides flies;
Minerva's ſpirit drives his matchleſs pace,
And crowns him victor of the labour'd race.

The next, though diſtant, Menelaus ſucceeds;
While thus young Neſtor animates his ſteeds.
Now, now, my gen'rous pair, exert your force;
Not that we hope to match Tydides' horſe,
Since great Minerva wings their rapid way,
And gives their lord the honours of the day.
But reach Atrides! ſhall his mare out-go
Your ſwiftneſs? vanquiſh'd by a female foe?
Through your neglect if lagging on the plain
The laſt ignoble gift be all we gain;
No more ſhall Neſtor's hand your food ſupply,
The old man's fury riſes, and ye die.
Haſte then; yon' narrow road before our ſight
Preſents th' occaſion, could we uſe it right.

Thus he. The courſers at their maſter's threat
With quicker ſteps the ſounding champain beat.
And now Antilochus, with nice ſurvey,
Obſerves the compaſs of the hollow way.
'Twas where by force of wintry torrents torn,
Faſt by the road a precipice was worn:
Here, where but one could paſs, to ſhun the throng
The Spartan hero's chariot ſmoak'd along.
Cloſe up the vent'rous youth reſolves to keep,
Still edging near, and bears him tow'rd the ſteep.
Atrides trembling caſts his eye below,
And wonders at the raſhneſs of his foe.

Hold, ſtay your ſteeds—What madneſs thus to ride?
This narrow way? take larger field (he cry'd)
Or both muſt fall.—Atrides cry'd in vain;
He flies more faſt, and throws up all the rein.
Far as an able arm the diſk can ſend,
When youthful rivals their full force extend,
So far, Antilochus! thy chariot flew
Before the king: he, cautious, backward drew
His horſe compell'd; foreboding in his fears
The rattling ruin of the claſhing cars,
The flound'ring courſers rolling on the plain,
And conqueſt loſt through frantic haſte to gain.
But thus upbraids his rival as he flies:
Go, furious youth, ungen'rous and unwiſe!
Go, but expect not I'll the prize reſign;
Add perjury to fraud, and make it thine.———
Then to his ſteeds with all his force he cries;
Be ſwift, be vig'rous, and regain the prize!
Your rivals, deſtitute of youthful force,
With fainting knees ſhall labour in the courſe,
And yield the glory yours——The ſteeds obey:
Already at their heels they wing their way,
And ſeem already to retrieve the day.

Meantime the Grecians in a ring beheld
The courſers bounding o'er the duſty field.
The firſt who mark'd them was the Cretan king;
High on a riſing ground, above the ring,
The monarch ſate; from whence with ſure ſurvey
He well obſerv'd the chief who led the way,
And heard from far his animating cries,
And ſaw the foremoſt ſteed with ſharpen'd eyes;

On whoſe broad front a blaze of ſhining white,
Like the full moon, ſtood obvious to the ſight.
He ſaw; and riſing, to the Greeks begun.
Are yonder horſe diſcern'd by me alone?
Or can ye, all, another chief ſurvey,
And other ſteeds, than lately led the way?
Thoſe, though the ſwifteſt, by ſome god with-held,
Lie ſure diſabled in the middle field:
For ſince the goal they doubled, round the plain
I ſearch to find them, but I ſearch in vain.
Perchance the reins forſook the driver's hand,
And, turn'd too ſhort, he tumbled on the ſtrand,
Shot from the chariot; while his courſers ſtray
With frantic fury from the deſtin'd way.
Riſe then ſome other, and inform my ſight,
(For theſe dim eyes, perhaps, diſcern not right)
Yet ſure he ſeems, (to judge by ſhape and air,)
The great Ætolian chief, renown'd in war.
Old man! (Oïleus raſhly thus replies)
Thy tongue too haſtily confers the prize.
Of thoſe who view the courſe, not ſharpeſt ey'd,
Nor youngeſt, yet the readieſt to decide.
Eumelus' ſteeds high-bounding in the chace,
Still, as at firſt, unrival'd lead the race:
I well diſcern him, as he ſhakes the rein,
And hear his ſhouts victorious o'er the plain.
Thus he. Idomeneus incens'd rejoin'd:
Barb'rous of words! and arrogant of mind!
Contentious prince! of all the Greeks beſide
The laſt in merit, as the firſt in pride.

To vile reproach what anſwer can we make?
A goblet or a tripod let us ſtake,
And be the king the judge. The moſt unwiſe
Will learn their raſhneſs, when they pay the price.
He ſaid: and Ajax by mad paſſion born
Stern had reply'd; fierce ſcorn enhancing ſcorn
To fell extremes. But Thetis' god-like ſon,
Awful, amidſt them roſe; and thus begun.
Forbear, ye chiefs! reproachful to contend;
Much would ye blame, ſhould others thus offend:
And lo! th' approaching ſteeds your conteſt end.
No ſooner had he ſpoke, but thund'ring near,
Drives, through a ſtream of duſt, the charioteer;
High o'er his head the circling laſh he wields;
His bounding horſes ſcarcely touch the fields:
His car amidſt the duſty whirlwind roll'd,
Bright with the mingled blaze of tin and gold,
Refulgent through the cloud, no eye could find
The track his flying wheels had left behind:
And the fierce courſers urg'd their rapid pace
So ſwift, it ſeem'd a flight, and not a race.
Now victor at the goal Tydides ſtands,
Quits his bright car, and ſprings upon the ſands;
From the hot ſteeds the ſweaty torrents ſtream;
The well-ply'd whip is hung athwart the beam:
With joy brave Sthenelus receives the prize,
The tripod-vaſe, and dame with radiant eyes:
Theſe to the ſhips his train triumphant leads,
The chief himſelf unyokes the panting ſteeds.
Young Neſtor follows (who by art, not force,
Ev'r-paſt Atrides) ſecond in the courſe.

Behind, Atrides urg'd the race, more near
Than to the courſer in his ſwift career
The following car, juſt touching with his heel
And bruſhing with his tail the whirling wheel.
Such, and ſo narrow now the ſpace between
The rivals, late ſo diſtant on the green.
So ſoon ſwift Æthe her loſt ground regain'd,
One length, one moment had the race obtain'd.
Merion purſu'd, at greater diſtance ſtill,
With tardier courſers, and inferior ſkill.
Laſt came, Admetus! thy unhappy ſon;
Slow dragg'd the ſteeds his batter'd chariot on:
Achilles ſaw, and pitying thus begun.
Behold the man whoſe matchleſs art ſurpaſt
The ſons of Greece! the ableſt, yet the laſt!
Fortune denies, but juſtice bids us pay
(Since great Tydides bears the firſt away)
To him the ſecond honours of the day.
The Greeks conſent with loud-applauding cries
And then Eumelus had receiv'd the prize,
But youthful Neſtor, jealous of his fame,
Th' award oppoſes, and aſſerts his claim.
Think not (he cries) I tamely will reſign
O Peleus' ſon! the mare ſo juſtly mine.
What if the gods, the ſkilful to confound,
Have thrown the horſe and horſeman to the ground?
Perhaps he ſought not heav'n by ſacrifice,
And vows omitted forfeited the prize.
If yet (diſtinction to thy friend to ſhow,
And pleaſe a ſoul, deſirous to beſtow)

ome gift muſt grace Eumelus; view thy ſtore
Of beauteous handmaids, ſteeds, and ſhining ore,
An ample preſent let him thence receive,
And Greece ſhall praiſe thy gen'rous thirſt to give.
But this, my prize, I never ſhall forego;
This, who but touches, warriors! is my foe.
Thus ſpake the youth: nor did his words offend;
Pleas'd with the well-turn'd flatt'ry of a friend,
Achilles ſmil'd: The gift propos'd (he cry'd)
Antilochus! we ſhall ourſelf provide.
With plates of braſs the corſelet cover'd o'er,
(The ſame renown'd Aſteropaeus wore)
Whoſe glitt'ring margins rais'd with ſilver ſhine;
(No vulgar gift) Eumelus, ſhall be thine.
He ſaid: Automedon at his command
The corſelet brought, and gave it to his hand.
Diſtinguiſh'd by his friend, his boſom glows
With gen'rous joy: then Menelaus roſe;
The herald plac'd the ſceptre in his hands,
And ſtill'd the clamour of the ſhouting bands.
Not without cauſe incens'd at Neſtor's ſon,
And inly grieving, thus the king begun:
The praiſe of wiſdom, in thy youth obtain'd,
An act ſo raſh (Antilochus) has ſtain'd.
Robb'd of my glory and my juſt reward,
To you, O Grecians! be my wrong declar'd:
So not a leader ſhall our conduct blame,
Or judge me envious of a rival's fame.
But ſhall not we, ourſelves, the truth maintain?
What needs appealing in a fact ſo plain?

What Greek ſhall blame me, if I bid thee riſe,
And vindicate by oath th' ill-gotten prize?
Riſe if thou dar'ſt, before thy chariot ſtand,
The driving ſcourge high-lifted in thy hand,
And touch thy ſteeds, and ſwear, thy whole intent
Was but to conquer, not to circumvent.
Swear by that God whoſe liquid arms ſurround [ground
The globe, and whoſe dread earth-quakes heave th

The prudent chief with calm attention heard;
Then mildly thus: Excuſe, if youth have err'd;
Superior as thou art, forgive th' offence,
Nor I thy equal, or in years, or ſenſe.
Thou know'ſt the errors of unripen'd age,
Weak are its counſels, headlong is its rage.
The prize I quit, if thou thy wrath reſign;
The mare, or aught thou ask'ſt, be freely thine,
Ere I become (from thy dear friendſhip torn)
Hateful to thee, and to the gods forſworn.

So ſpoke Antilochus; and at the word
The mare conteſted to the king reſtor'd.
Joy ſwells his ſoul, as when the vernal grain
Lifts the green ear above the ſpringing plain,
The fields their vegetable life renew,
And laugh and glitter with the morning dew:
Such joy the Spartan's ſhining face o'erſpread,
And lifted his gay heart, while thus he ſaid.

Still may our ſouls, O gen'rous youth! agree;
'Tis now Atrides turn to yield to thee.
Raſh heat perhaps a moment might controul,
Not break, the ſettled temper of thy ſoul.

Not but (my friend) 'tis ſtill the wiſer way
To wave contention with ſuperior ſway;
For ah! how few, who ſhould, like thee, offend,
Like thee, have talents to regain the friend?
To plead indulgence and thy fault attone,
Suffice thy father's merit and thy own:
Gen'rous alike, for me, the ſire and ſon
Have greatly ſuffer'd, and have greatly done.
I yield; that all may know, my ſoul can bend,
Nor is my pride preferr'd before my friend.
He ſaid; and pleas'd his paſſion to command,
Reſign'd the courſer to Noëmon's hand,
Friend of the youthful chief: himſelf content,
The ſhining charger to his veſſel ſent.
The golden talents Merion next obtain'd;
The fifth reward, the double bowl, remain'd.
Achilles this to rev'rend Neſtor bears,
And thus the purpoſe of his gift declares.
Accept thou this, O ſacred ſire! (he ſaid)
In dear memorial of Patroclus dead;
Dead, and for ever loſt Patroclus lies,
For ever ſnatch'd from our deſiring eyes!
Take thou this token of a grateful heart,
Tho' 'tis not thine to hurl the diſtant dart,
The quoit to toſs, the pond'rous mace to wield,
Or urge the race, or wreſtle on the field.
Thy preſent vigour age has overthrown,
But left the glory of the paſt thy own.
He ſaid, and plac'd the goblet at his ſide;
With joy, the venerable king reply'd.

Wiſely and well, my ſon, thy words have prov'd
A ſenior honour'd, and a friend belov'd!
Too true it is, deſerted of my ſtrength,
Theſe wither'd arms and limbs have fail'd at length.
Oh! had I now that force I felt of yore,
Known thro' Buprafium and the Pylian ſhore!
Victorious then in ev'ry ſolemn game,
Ordain'd to Amarynce's mighty name;
The brave Epeians gave my glory way,
Ætolians, Pylians, all reſign'd the day.
I quell'd Clytomedes in fights of hand,
And backward hurl'd Ancæus on the ſand,
Surpaſt Iphyclus in the ſwift career,
Phyleus and Polydorus, with the ſpear.
The ſons of Actor won the prize of horſe,
But won by numbers, not by art or force:
For the fam'd twins, impatient to ſurvey
Prize after prize by Neſtor born away,
Sprung to their car; and with united pains
One laſh'd the courſers, while one rul'd the reins.
Such once I was! now to theſe taſks ſucceeds
A younger race, that emulate our deeds:
I yield, alas! (to age who muſt not yield?)
Tho' once the foremoſt hero of the field.
Go thou, my ſon! by gen'rous friendſhip led,
With martial honours decorate the dead;
While pleas'd I take the gift thy hands preſent,
(Pledge of benevolence, and kind intent)
Rejoic'd, of all the num'rous Greeks, to ſee
Not one but honours ſacred age and me:

Thoſe due diſtinctions thou ſo well can'ſt pay,
May the juſt gods return another day.
Proud of the gift, thus ſpake the full of days:
Achilles heard him, prouder of the praiſe.
The prizes next are order'd to the field
For the bold champions who the Caeſtus wield.
A ſtately mule, as yet by toils unbroke,
Of ſix years age, unconſcious of the yoke,
Is to the Circus led, and firmly bound;
Next ſtands a goblet, maſſy, large and round.
Achilles riſing, thus: let Greece excite
Two heroes equal to this hardy fight;
Who dares his foe with lifted arms provoke,
And ruſh beneath the long-deſcending ſtroke?
On whom Apollo ſhall the palm beſtow,
And whom the Greeks ſupreme by conqueſt know,
This mule his dauntleſs labours ſhall repay;
The vanquiſh'd bear the maſſy bowl away.
This dreadful combate great Epaeus choſe,
High o'er the crowd, enormous bulk! he roſe,
And ſeiz'd the beaſt, and thus began to ſay:
Stand forth ſome man, to bear the bowl away!
(Price of his ruin:) for who dares deny
This mule my right? th' undoubted victor I.
Others 'tis own'd, in fields of battle ſhine,
But the firſt honours of this fight are mine;
For who excels in all? then let my foe
Draw near, but firſt his certain fortune know,
Secure, this hand ſhall his whole frame confound,
Maſh all his bones, and all his body pound:

So let his friends be nigh, a needful train
To heave the batter'd carcaſe off the plain.

The giant ſpoke; and in a ſtupid gaze
The hoſt beheld him, ſilent with amaze!
'Twas thou, Euryalus! who durſt aſpire
To meet his might, and emulate thy ſire,
The great Meciſtheus; who in days of yore
In Theban games the nobleſt trophy bore,
(The games ordain'd dead Oedipus to grace)
And ſingly vanquiſh'd the Cadmaean race.
Him great Tydides urges to contend,
Warm with the hopes of conqueſt for his friend,
Officious with the cincture girds him round;
And to his wriſts the gloves of death are bound.
Amid the circle now each champion ſtands,
And poiſes high in air his iron hands;
With claſhing gauntlets now they fiercely cloſe,
Their crackling jaws re-echo to the blows,
And painful ſweat from all their members flows.
At length Epaeus dealt a weighty blow
Full on the cheek of his unwary foe;
Beneath that pond'rous arm's reſiſtleſs ſway
Down dropt he, nerveleſs, and extended lay.
As a large fiſh, when winds and waters roar,
By ſome huge billow daſh'd againſt the ſhore,
Lies panting: not leſs batter'd with his wound,
The bleeding hero pants upon the ground.
To rear his fall'n foe, the victor lends
Scornful, his hand; and gives him to his friends;
Whoſe arms ſupport him, reeling thro' the throng,
And dragging his diſabled legs along;

Nodding, his head hangs down his ſhoulder o'er;
His mouth and noſtrils pour the clotted gore;
Wrapt round in miſt he lyes, and loſt to thought:
His friends receive the bowl, too dearly bought.
The third bold game Achilles next demands,
And calls the wreſtlers to the level ſands:
A maſſy tripod for the victor lyes,
Of twice ſix oxen its reputed price;
And next, the loſer's ſpirits to reſtore,
A female captive, valu'd but at four.
Scarce did the chief the vig'rous ſtrife propoſe,
When tow'r-like Ajax and Ulyſſes roſe.
Amid the ring each nervous rival ſtands,
Embracing rigid with implicit hands:
Cloſe lock'd above, their heads and arms are mixt;
Below, their planted feet at diſtance fixt:
Like two ſtrong rafters which the builder forms
Proof to the wintry winds and howling ſtorms,
Their tops connected, but at wider ſpace
Fixt on their center ſtands their ſolid baſe.
Now to the graſp each manly body bends;
The humid ſweat from ev'ry pore deſcends;
Their bones reſound with blows: ſides, ſhoulders, thighs,
Swell to each gripe, and bloody tumours riſe.
Nor could Ulyſſes, for his art renown'd,
O'erturn the ſtrength of Ajax on the ground;
Nor could the ſtrength of Ajax overthrow
The watchful caution of his artful foe.
While the long ſtrife ev'n tir'd the lookers-on,
Thus to Ulyſſes ſpoke great Telamon.

Or let me lift thee, chief, or lift thou me:
Prove we our force, and Jove the reſt decree.
He ſaid; and ſtraining, heav'd him off the ground
With matchleſs ſtrength; that time Ulyſſes found
The ſtrength t' evade, and where the nerves combine
His ankle ſtrook: the giant fell ſupine:
Ulyſſes following, on his boſom lies;
Shouts of applauſe run rattling thro' the ſkies.
Ajax to lift, Ulyſſes next eſſays,
He barely ſtirr'd him, but he could not raiſe:
His knee lock'd faſt, the foe's attempt deny'd;
And grappling cloſe, they tumbled ſide by ſide.
Defil'd with honourable duſt, they roll,
Still breathing ſtrife, and unſubdu'd of ſoul:
Again they rage, again to combat riſe;
When great Achilles thus divides the prize.
Your noble vigour, oh my friends! reſtrain;
Nor weary out your gen'rous ſtrength in vain.
Ye both have won: let others who excel,
Now prove that proweſs you have prov'd ſo well.
The hero's words the willing chiefs obey,
From their tir'd bodies wipe the duſt away,
And, cloth'd anew, the following games ſurvey.
And now ſucceed the gifts, ordain'd to grace
The youths contending in the rapid race.
A ſilver urn, that full ſix meaſures held,
By none in weight or workmanſhip excell'd:
Sidonian artiſts taught the frame to ſhine,
Elaborate, with artifice divine;
Whence Tyrian ſailors did the prize tranſport,
And gave to Thoas at the Lemnian port:

From him deſcended, good Eunaeus heir'd
The glorious gift; and for Lycaon ſpar'd,
To brave Patroclus gave the rich reward.
Now, the ſame hero's fun'ral rites to grace,
It ſtands the prize of ſwiftneſs in the race.
A well fed ox was for the ſecond plac'd;
And half a talent muſt content the laſt.
Achilles riſing then beſpoke the train:
Who hopes the palm of ſwiftneſs to obtain,
Stand forth, and bear theſe prizes from the plain.
The hero ſaid; and ſtarting from his place,
Oilean Ajax riſes to the race;
Ulyſſes next; and he whoſe ſpeed ſurpaſt
His youthful equals, Neſtor's ſon the laſt.
Rang'd in a line the ready racers ſtand;
Pelides points the barrier with his hand;
All ſtart at once; Oileus led the race;
The next Ulyſſes, meas'ring pace with pace;
Behind him, diligently cloſe, he ſped,
As cloſely following, as the running thread
The ſpindle follows, and diſplays the charms
Of the fair ſpinſter's breaſt, and moving arms:
Graceful in motion thus, his foe he plies,
And treads each footſtep e'er the duſt can riſe:
His glowing breath upon his ſhoulders plays;
Th' admiring Greeks loud acclamations raiſe,
To him they give their wiſhes, hearts and eyes,
And ſend their ſouls before him as he flies.
Now three times turn'd in proſpect of the goal,
The panting chief to Pallas lifts his ſoul:

Aſſiſt O Goddeſs! (thus in thought he pray'd)
And preſent at his thought, deſcends the maid.
Buoy'd by her heav'nly force, he ſeems to ſwim,
And feels a pinion lifting ev'ry limb.
All fierce, and ready now the prize to gain,
Unhappy Ajax ſtumbles on the plain;
(O'erturn'd by Pallas) where the ſlipp'ry ſhore
Was clogg'd with ſlimy dung, and mingled gore.
(The ſelf ſame-place beſide Patroclus' pyre,
Where late the ſlaughter'd victims fed the fire)
Beſmear'd with filth, and blotted o'er with clay,
Obſcene to ſight, the rueful racer lay;
The well-fed bull (the ſecond prize) he ſhar'd,
And left the urn Ulyſſes' rich reward.
Then, graſping by the horn the mighty beaſt,
The baffled hero thus the Greeks addreſt.

Accurſed fate! the conqueſt I forego;
A mortal I, a goddeſs was my foe:
She urg'd her fav'rite on the rapid way,
And Pallas, not Ulyſſes won the day.

Thus ſow'rly wail'd he ſputt'ring dirt and gore;
A burſt of laughter echo'd thro' the ſhore.
Antilochus, more hum'rous than the reſt,
Takes the laſt prize, and takes it with a jeſt.

Why with our wiſer elders ſhould we ſtrive?
The gods ſtill love them, and they always thrive.
Ye ſee, to Ajax I muſt yield the prize;
He to Ulyſſes ſtill more ag'd and wiſe;
(A green old age unconſcious of decays,
That proves the hero born in better days!)

Behold his vigor in this active race!
Achilles only boasts a swifter pace:
For who can match Achilles? he who can,
Must yet be more than hero, or than man.
Th' effect succeeds the speech. Pelides cries,
Thy artful praise deserves a better prize.
Nor Greece in vain shall hear thy friend extol'd;
Receive a talent of the purest gold.
The youth departs content. The hosts admire
The son of Nestor, worthy of his sire.
Next these a buckler, spear and helm, he brings,
Cast on the plain the brazen burden rings:
Arms, which of late divine Sarpedon wore,
And great Patroclus in short triumph bore.
Stand forth the bravest of our host! (he cries)
Whoever dares deserve so rich a prize!
Now grace the lists before our army's sight,
And sheath'd in steel, provoke his foe to fight.
Who first the jointed armour shall explore,
And stain his rival's mail with issuing gore;
The sword, Asteropeus possest of old,
(A Thracian blade, distinct with studs of gold)
Shall pay the stroke, and grace the striker's side:
These arms in common let the chief divide:
For each brave champion, when the combate ends,
A sumptuous banquet at our tent attends.
Fierce, at the word, uprose great Tydeus' son,
And the huge bulk of Ajax Telamon.
Clad in refulgent steel on either hand,
The dreadful chiefs amid the circle stand:

Low'ring they meet, tremendous to the ſight;
Each Argive boſom beats with fierce delight.
Oppos'd in arms not long they idly ſtood,
But thrice they clos'd, and thrice the charge renew'd.
A furious paſs the ſpear of Ajax made
Thro' the broad ſhield, but at the corſelet ſtay'd:
Not thus the foe: his jav'lin aim'd above
The buckler's margin, at the neck he drove.
But Greece now trembling for her hero's life,
Bad ſhare the honours, and ſurceaſe the ſtrife.
Yet ſtill the victor's due Tydides gains,
With him the ſword and ſtudded belt remains.

Then hurl'd the hero, thund'ring on the ground
A maſs of iron, (an enormous round)
Whoſe weight and ſize the circling Greeks admire,
Rude from the furnace, and but ſhap'd by fire.
This mighty quoit Aëtion wont to rear,
And from his whirling arm diſmiſs in air:
The giant by Achilles ſlain, he ſtow'd
Among his ſpoils this memorable load.
For this, he bids thoſe nervous artiſts vie,
That teach the diſk to ſound along the ſky.
Let him whoſe might can hurl this bowl, ariſe,
Who fartheſt hurls it, takes it as his prize:
If he be one, enrich'd with large domain
Of downs for flocks, and arable for grain,
Small ſtock of iron needs that man provide;
His hinds and ſwains whole years ſhall be ſupply'd
From hence: nor aſk the neighb'ring city's aid,
For plowſhares, wheels, and all the rural trade.

Stern Polypaetes ſtept before the throng,
nd great Leonteus, more than mortal ſtrong;
Whoſe force with rival forces to oppoſe,
prose great Ajax; up Epaeus roſe.
ach ſtood in order: firſt Epaeus threw;
ligh o'er the wond'ring crowds the whirling circle flew.
eonteus next a little ſpace ſurpaſt,
nd third, the ſtrength of god-like Ajax caſt.
'er both their marks it flew; till fiercely flung
rom Polypaetes arm, the Diſcus ſung:
ar, as a ſwain his whirling ſheephook throws,
hat diſtant falls among the grazing cows,
paſt them all the rapid circle flies:
is friends (while loud applauſes ſhake the ſkies)
ith force conjoin'd, heave off the weighty prize.

Thoſe, who in ſkilful archery contend
e next invites the twanging bow to bend:
nd twice ten axes caſts amidſt the round,
Ten double edg'd, and ten that ſingly wound.)
he maſt, which late a firſt-rate galley bore,
he hero fixes in the ſandy ſhore:
o the tall top a milk-white dove they tye,
he trembling mark at which their arrows fly.
Whoſe weapon ſtrikes yon' flutt'ring bird, ſhall bear
heſe two-edg'd axes, terrible in war;
he ſingle, he, whoſe ſhaft divides the cord.
e ſaid: experienc'd Merion took the word;
nd ſkilful Teucer: in the helm they threw
heir lots inſcrib'd, and forth the latter flew.
ift from the ſtring the ſounding arrow flies;
ut flies unbleſt! no grateful ſacrifice,

No firſtling lambs, unheedful! didſt thou vow,
To Phoebus, patron of the ſhaft and bow.
For this, thy well-aim'd arrow turn'd aſide,
Err'd from the dove, yet cut the cord that ty'd:
A-down the main-maſt fell the parted ſtring,
And the free bird to heav'n diſplays her wing:
Seas, ſhores, and ſkies with loud applauſe reſound,
And Merion eager meditates the wound;
He takes the bow, directs the ſhaft above,
And following with his eye the ſoaring dove,
Implores the God to ſpeed it thro' the ſkies,
With vows of firſtling lambs, and grateful ſacrifice.
The dove, in airy circles as ſhe wheels,
Amid the clouds the piercing arrow feels;
Quite thro' and thro' the point its paſſage found,
And at his feet fell bloody to the ground.
The wounded bird, e'er yet ſhe breath'd her laſt,
With flagging wings alighted on the maſt,
A moment hung, and ſpread her pinions there,
Then ſudden dropt, and left her life in air.
From the pleas'd crowd new peals of thunder riſe,
And to the ſhips brave Merion bears the prize.

To cloſe the fun'ral games, Achilles laſt
A maſſy ſpear amid the circle plac'd,
An ample charger of unſully'd frame,
With flow'rs high-wrought, not blacken'd yet by flame.
For theſe he bids the heroes prove their art
Whoſe dext'rous ſkill directs the flying dart.
Here too great Merion hopes the noble prize;
Nor here diſdain'd the king of men to riſe.

With joy Pelides ſaw the honour paid,
Roſe to the monarch and reſpectful ſaid.
Thee firſt in virtue, as in pow'r ſupreme,
O king of nations! all thy Greeks proclaim;
In ev'ry martial game thy worth atteſt,
And know thee both their greateſt, and their beſt.
Take then the prize, but let brave Merion bear
This beamy jav'lin in thy brother's war.
Pleas'd from the hero's lips his praiſe to hear,
The king to Merion gives the brazen ſpear:
But, ſet apart for ſacred uſe, commands
The glitt'ring charger to Talthybius' hands.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XXIV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The redemption of the body of Hector.

THE Gods deliberate about the redemption of Hector. Jupiter ſends Thetis to Achilles to diſpoſe him for the reſtoring it, and Iris to Priam, to encourage him to go in perſon, and treat for it. The old King, notwithſtanding the remonſtrances of his Queen, makes ready for the journey, to which he is encouraged by an omen from Jupiter. He ſets forth in his chariot, with a waggon loaded with preſents, under the charge of Idaeus the herald. Mercury deſcends in the ſhape of a young man, and conducts him to the pavilion of Achilles. Their converſation on the way. Priam finds Achilles at his table, caſts himſelf at his feet, and begs for the body of his ſon: Achilles, moved with compaſſion, grants his requeſt, detains him one night in his tent, and the next morning ſends him home with the body. The Trojans run out to meet him The lamentations of Andromache, Hecuba, and Helen, with the ſolemnities of the funeral.

The time of twelve days is employed in this book, while the body of Hector lies in the tent of Achilles: and

as many more are ſpent in the truce allowed for h interment. The ſcene is partly in Achilles's cam and partly in Troy.

NOW from the finiſh'd games the Grecian band
Seek their black ſhips, and clear the crouded ſtran
All ſtretch'd at eaſe the genial banquet ſhare,
And pleaſing ſlumbers quiet all their care.
Not ſo Achilles: he, to grief reſign'd,
His friend's dear image preſent to his mind,
Takes his ſad couch, more unobſerv'd to weep,
Nor taſtes the gifts of all-compoſing ſleep.
Reſtleſs he roll'd around his weary bed,
And all his ſoul on his Patroclus fed:
The form ſo pleaſing, and the heart ſo kind,
That youthful vigour and that manly mind,
What toils they ſhar'd, what martial works they wrought,
What ſeas they meaſur'd, and what fields they fought:
All paſt before him in remembrance dear;
Thought follows thought, and tear ſucceeds to tear.
And now ſupine, now prone, the hero lay,
Now ſhifts his ſide, impatient for the day:
Then ſtarting up, diſconſolate he goes
Wide on the lonely beech to vent his woes.
There as the ſolitary mourner raves,
The ruddy morning riſes o'er the waves:
Soon as it roſe, his furious ſteeds he join'd;
The chariot flies, and Hector trails behind.
And thrice, Patroclus! round thy monument
Was Hector dragg'd, then hurry'd to the tent.

There ſleep, at laſt, o'ercomes the hero's eyes:
While foul in duſt th' unhonour'd carcaſe lyes,
But not deſerted by the pitying ſkies:
For Phoebus watch'd it with ſuperior care,
Preſerv'd from gaping wounds, and tainting air;
And ignominious as it ſwept the field,
Spread o'er the ſacred corſe his golden ſhield.
All heav'n was mov'd, and Hermes will'd to go
By ſtealth to ſnatch him from th' inſulting foe;
But Neptune this, and Pallas this denies,
And th' unrelenting empreſs of the ſkies:
E'er ſince that day implacable to Troy,
What time young Paris, ſimple ſhepherd boy,
Won by deſtructive luſt (reward obſcene)
Their charms rejected for the Cyprian queen.
But when the tenth celeſtial morning broke,
To heav'n aſſembled thus Apollo ſpoke:

Unpitying pow'rs! how oft each holy fane
Has Hector ting'd with blood of Victims ſlain?
And can ye ſtill his cold remains purſue?
Still grudge his body to the Trojan view?
Deny to conſort, mother, ſon, and ſire,
The laſt ſad honours of a fun'ral fire?
Is then the dire Achilles all your care?
That iron heart, inflexibly ſevere;
A lion, not a man, who ſlaughters wide
In ſtrength of rage, and impotence of pride;
Who haſtes to murder with a ſavage joy,
Invades around, and breathes but to deſtroy.
Shame is not of his ſoul; nor underſtood,
The greateſt evil, and the greateſt good.

Still for one loſs he rages unreſign'd,
Repugnant to the lot of all mankind;
To loſe a friend, a brother, or a ſon,
Heav'n dooms each mortal, and its will is done;
A while they ſorrow, then diſmiſs their care;
Fate gives the wound, and man is born to bear.
But this, inſatiate, the commiſſion giv'n
By fate, exceeds; and tempts the wrath of heav'n:
Lo, how his rage diſhoneſt drags along
Hector's dead earth inſenſible of wrong!
Brave tho' he be, yet by no reaſon aw'd,
He violates the laws of man and God.

If equal honours by the partial ſkies
Are doom'd both heroes, (Juno thus replies)
If Thetis' ſon muſt no diſtinction know,
Then hear, ye gods! the patron of the bow.
But Hector only boaſts a mortal claim,
His birth deriving from a mortal dame:
Achilles of your own aethereal race
Springs from a goddeſs by a man's embrace;
(A Goddeſs by ourſelf to Peleus giv'n,
A man divine, and choſen friend of heav'n)
To grace thoſe nuptials, from the bright abode
Yourſelves were preſent; where this minſtrel-god
(Well pleas'd to ſhare the feaſt) amid the quire
Stood proud to hymn, and tune his youthful lyre.

Then thus the thund'rer checks th'imperial dame:
Let not thy wrath the court of heav'n inflame;
Their merits, not their honours, are the ſame.
But mine, and ev'ry god's peculiar grace
Hector deſerves, of all the Trojan race:

Still on our ſhrines his grateful off'rings lay,
(The only honour men to gods can pay)
Nor ever from our ſmoaking altar ceaſt,
The pure libation, and the holy feaſt.
How'er by ſtealth to ſnatch the corſe away,
We will not: Thetis guards it night and day.
But haſte, and ſummon to our courts above
The azure queen; let her perſuaſion move
Her furious ſon from Priam to receive
The proffer'd ranſom, and the corſe to leave.
He added not: and Iris from the ſkies,
Swift as a whirlwind, on the meſſage flies,
Meteorous the face of ocean ſweeps,
Refulgent gliding o'er the ſable deeps.
Between where Samos wide his foreſts ſpreads,
And rocky Imbrus lifts its pointed heads,
Down plung'd the maid; (the parted waves reſound)
She plung'd, and inſtant ſhot the dark profound.
As bearing death in the fallacious bait
From the bent angle ſinks the leaden weight;
So paſt the goddeſs thro' the cloſing wave,
Where Thetis ſorrow'd in her ſecret cave:
There plac'd amidſt her melancholy train
(The blue-hair'd ſiſters of the ſacred main)
Penſive ſhe ſate, revolving fates to come,
And wept her god-like ſon's approaching doom.
Then thus the goddeſs of the painted bow,
Ariſe, O Thetis! from thy ſeats below;
'Tis Jove that calls. And why (the dame replies)
Calls Jove his Thetis to the hated ſkies?

Sad object as I am for heav'nly ſight!
Ah! may my ſorrows ever ſhun the light!
Howe'er, be heav'n's almighty ſire obey'd——
She ſpake, and veil'd her head in ſable ſhade,
Which, flowing long, her graceful perſon clad;
And forth ſhe pac'd, majeſtically ſad.

Then thro' the world of waters they repair
(The way fair Iris led) to upper air.
The deeps dividing, o'er the coaſt they riſe,
And touch with momentary flight the ſkies.
There in the light'nings blaze the ſire they found,
And all the gods in ſhining ſynod round.
Thetis approach'd with anguiſh in her face,
(Minerva riſing, gave the mourner place)
Ev'n Juno fought her ſorrows to conſole,
And offer'd from her hand the Nectar bowl:
She taſted, and reſign'd it. Then began
The ſacred ſire of gods and mortal man:

Thou com'ſt, fair Thetis! but with grief o'ercaſt,
Maternal ſorrows, long, oh long to laſt!
Suffice, we know, and we partake thy cares;
But yield to fate, and hear what Jove declares.
Nine days are paſt, ſince all the court above
In Hector's cauſe have mov'd the ear of Jove;
'Twas voted, Hermes, from his god-like foe
By ſtealth ſhould bear him, but we will'd not ſo:
We will, thy ſon himſelf the corſe reſtore,
And to his conqueſt add this glory more.
Then hye thee to him, and our mandate bear;
Tell him he tempts the wrath of heav'n too far:

Nor let him more (our anger if he dread)
Vent his mad vengeance on the ſacred dead;
But yield to ranſom, and the father's pray'r.
The mournful father Iris ſhall prepare,
With gifts to ſue; and offer to his hands
Whate'er his honour aſks, or heart demands.
His word the ſilver-footed queen attends,
And from Olympus' ſnowy top deſcends.
Arriv'd, ſhe heard the voice of loud lament,
And echoing groans that ſhook the lofty tent.
His friends prepare the victim, and diſpoſe
Repaſt unheeded, while he vents his woes:
The goddeſs ſeats her by her penſive ſon,
She preſt his hand, and tender thus begun:
How long, unhappy! ſhall thy ſorrows flow,
And thy heart waſte with life-conſuming woe!
Mindleſs of food, or love, whoſe pleaſing reign
Soothes weary life, and ſoftens human pain.
O ſnatch the moments yet within thy pow'r,
Nor long to live, indulge the am'rous hour!
Lo! Jove himſelf (for Jove's command I bear)
Forbids to tempt the wrath of heav'n too far,
No longer then (his fury if thou dread)
Detain the relics of great Hector dead;
Nor vent on ſenſeleſs earth thy vengeance vain,
But yield to ranſom, and reſtore the ſlain.
To whom Achilles: Be the ranſom giv'n,
And we ſubmit, ſince ſuch the will of heav'n.
While thus they commun'd from th'Olympian bow'rs
Jove orders Iris to the Trojan tow'rs.

Haſte, winged goddeſs! to the ſacred town,
And urge her monarch to redeem his ſon;
Alone, the Ilian ramparts let him leave,
And bear what ſtern Achilles may receive:
Alone, for ſo he will: no Trojan near;
Except to place the dead with decent care,
Some aged herald, who with gentle hand,
May the ſlow mules and fun'ral car command.
Nor let him death, nor let him danger dread,
Safe thro' the foe by our protection led:
Him Hermes to Achilles ſhall convey,
Guard of his life, and part'ner of his way.
Fierce as he is, Achilles' ſelf ſhall ſpare
His age, nor touch one venerable hair:
Some thought there muſt be, in a ſoul ſo brave,
Some ſenſe of duty, ſome deſire to ſave.

Then down her bow the winged Iris drives,
And ſwift at Priam's mournful court arrives;
Where the ſad ſons beſide their father's throne
Sate bath'd in tears, and anſwer'd groan with groan:
And all amidſt them lay the hoary ſire,
(Sad ſcene of woe!) His face his wrapt attire
Conceal'd from ſight; with frantic hands he ſpread
A ſhow'r of aſhes o'er his neck and head.
From room to room his penſive daughters roam;
Whoſe ſhrieks and clamours fill the vaulted dome;
Mindful of thoſe, who, late their pride and joy,
Lie pale and breathleſs round the fields of Troy!
Before the king Jove's meſſenger appears,
And thus in whiſpers greets his trembling ears:

Fear not, oh father! no ill news I bear;
From Jove I come, Jove makes thee ſtill his care:
For Hector's ſake theſe walls he bids thee leave,
And bear what ſtern Achilles may receive:
Alone, for ſo he wills: no Trojan near;
Except to place the dead with decent care,
Some aged herald, who with gentle hand
May the ſlow mules and fun'ral car command.
Nor ſhalt thou death, nor ſhalt thou danger dread;
Safe thro' the foe by his protection led:
Thee Hermes to Pelides ſhall convey,
Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way.
Fierce as he is, Achilles' ſelf ſhall ſpare
Thy age, nor touch one venerable hair;
Some thought there muſt be, in a ſoul ſo brave,
Some ſenſe of duty, ſome deſire to ſave.

She ſpoke, and vaniſh'd. Priam bids prepare
His gentle mules, and harneſs to the car;
There, for the gifts, a poliſh'd caſket lay:
His pious ſons the king's command obey.
Then paſt the monarch to his bridal room,
Where cedar-beams the lofty roofs perfume,
And where the treaſures of his empire lay;
Then call'd his queen, and thus began to ſay.

Unhappy conſort of a king diſtreſt!
Partake the troubles of thy huſband's breaſt:
I ſaw deſcend the meſſenger of Jove,
Who bids me try Achilles' mind to move;
Forſake theſe ramparts, and with gifts obtain
The corſe of Hector, at yon' navy ſlain.

Tell me thy thought: my heart impells to go
Thro' hoſtile camps, and bears me to the foe.
The hoary monarch thus. Her piercing cries
Sad Hecuba renews, and then replies:
Ah! whither wanders thy diſtemper'd mind?
And where the prudence now that aw'd mankind!
Thro' Phrygia once, and foreign regions known;
Now all confus'd, diſtracted, overthrown!
Singly to paſs thro' hoſts of foes! to face
(Oh heart of ſteel!) the murd'rer of thy race!
To view that deathful eye, and wander o'er
Thoſe hands yet red with Hector's noble gore!
Alas, my lord! he knows not how to ſpare;
And what his mercy, thy ſlain ſons declare;
So brave! ſo many fall'n! to calm his rage
Vain were thy dignity, and vain thy age.
No ——pent in this ſad palace, let us give
To grief the wretched days we have to live.
Still, ſtill for Hector let our ſorrows flow,
Born to his own and to his parent's woe!
Doom'd from the hour his luckleſs life begun,
To dogs, to vultures, and to Peleus' ſon!
Oh! in his deareſt blood might I allay
My rage, and theſe barbarities repay!
For ah! could Hector merit thus? whoſe breath
Expir'd not meanly, in unactive death:
He pour'd his lateſt blood in manly fight,
And fell a hero in his country's right.
Seek not to ſtay me, nor my ſoul affright
With words of omen, like a bird of night,

Reply'd unmov'd the venerable man)
'Tis heav'n commands me, and you urge in vain.
Had any mortal voice th' injunction laid,
Nor augur, prieſt, or ſeer had been obey'd.
A preſent Goddeſs brought the high command;
I ſaw, and heard her, and the word ſhall ſtand.
I go, ye gods! obedient to your call:
If in yon' camp your pow'rs have doom'd my fall,
Content——By the ſame hand let me expire!
Add to the ſlaughter'd ſon the wretched ſire!
One cold embrace at leaſt may be allow'd,
And my laſt tears flow mingled with his blood!
From forth his open'd ſtores, this ſaid, he drew
Twelve coſtly carpets of refulgent hue,
As many veſts, as many mantles told,
And twelve fair veils, and garments ſtiff with gold.
Two tripods next, and twice two chargers ſhine,
With ten pure talents from the richeſt mine;
And laſt a large well-labour'd bowl had place,
(The pledge of treaties once with friendly Thrace)
Seem'd all too mean the ſtores he could employ,
For one laſt look to buy him back to Troy!
Lo! the ſad father, frantic with his pain,
Around him furious drives his menial train.
In vain each ſlave with duteous care attends;
Each office hurts him, and each face offends.
What make ye here? officious crouds! (he cries)
Hence! nor obtrude your anguiſh on my eyes.
Have ye no griefs at home, to fix ye there?
Am I the only object of deſpair?

Am I become my people's common ſhow,
Set up by Jove your ſpectacle of woe?
No, you muſt feel him too; yourſelves muſt fall;
The ſame ſtern God to ruin gives you all:
Nor is great Hector loſt by me alone;
Your ſole defence, your guardian pow'r is gone!
I ſee your blood the fields of Phrygia drown,
I ſee the the ruins of your ſmoaking town!
Oh ſend me, gods! ere that ſad day ſhall come,
A willing ghoſt to Pluto's dreary dome!

He ſaid, and feebly drives his friends away;
The ſorrowing friends his frantic rage obey.
Next on his ſons his erring fury falls,
Polites, Paris, Agathon, he calls,
His threats Deïphobus and Dius hear,
Hippothous, Pammon, Helenus the ſeer,
And gen'rous Antiphon; for yet theſe nine
Surviv'd, ſad relics of his num'rous line.

Inglorious ſons of an unhappy ſire!
Why did not all in Hector's cauſe expire?
Wretch that I am! my braveſt offspring ſlain,
You, the diſgrace of Priam's houſe remain!
Meſtor the brave, renown'd in ranks of war,
With Troilus, dreadful on his ruſhing car,
And laſt great Hector, more than man divine,
For ſure he ſeem'd not of terreſtrial line!
All theſe relentleſs Mars untimely ſlew,
And left me theſe, a ſoft and ſervile crew,
Whoſe days the feaſt and wanton dance employ,
Gluttons and flatt'rers, the contempt of Troy!

Why teach ye not my rapid wheels to run,
And ſpeed my journey to redeem my ſon?
The ſons their father's wretched age revere,
Forgive his anger, and produce the car.
High on the ſeat the cabinet they bind:
The new-made car with ſolid beauty ſhin'd:
Box was the yoke, emboſs'd with coſtly pains,
And hung with ringlets to receive the reins;
Nine cubits long the traces ſwept the ground;
Theſe to the chariot's poliſh'd pole they bound,
Then fix'd a ring the running reins to guide,
And cloſe beneath the gather'd ends were ty'd.
Next with the gifts (the price of Hector ſlain)
The ſad attendants load the groaning wain:
Laſt to the yoke the well-match'd mules they bring,
(The gift of Myſia to the Trojan king)
But the fair horſes, long his darling care,
Himſelf receiv'd and harneſs'd to his car:
Griev'd as he was, he not this taſk deny'd;
The hoary herald help'd him at his ſide.
While careful theſe the gentle courſers join'd,
Sad Hecuba approach'd with anxious mind;
A golden bowl that foam'd with fragrant wine,
(Libation deſtin'd to the Pow'r divine)
Held in her right, before the ſteeds ſhe ſtands,
And thus conſigns it to the monarch's hands.
Take this, and pour to Jove: that ſafe from harms,
His grace reſtore thee to our roof, and arms;
Since victor of thy fears, and ſlighting mine,
Heav'n, or thy ſoul, inſpire this bold deſign:

Pray to that God, who high on Ida's brow
Surveys thy deſolated realms below,
His winged meſſenger to ſend from high,
And lead thy way with heav'nly augury:
Let the ſtrong ſov'reign of the plumy race
Tow'r on the right of yon' ethereal ſpace:
That ſign beheld, and ſtrengthen'd from above,
Boldly purſue the journey, mark'd by Jove;
But if the God his augury denies,
Suppreſs thy impulſe, nor reject advice.

'Tis juſt (ſaid Priam) to the ſire above
To raiſe our hands, for who ſo good as Jove?
He ſpoke, and bad th' attendant handmaid bring
The pureſt water of the living ſpring;
(Her ready hands the ew'r and baſon held)
Then took the golden cup his queen had fill'd,
On the mid pavement pours the roſy wine,
Uplifts his eyes, and calls the Pow'r divine.

Oh firſt, and greateſt! heav'n's imperial Lord!
On lofty Ida's holy hill ador'd!
To ſtern Achilles now direct my ways,
And teach him mercy when a father prays.
If ſuch thy will, diſpatch from yonder ſky
Thy ſacred bird, celeſtial augury!
Let the ſtrong ſov'reign of the plumy race
Tow'r on the right of yon' ethereal ſpace.
So ſhall thy ſuppliant, ſtrengthen'd from above,
Fearleſs purſue the journey mark'd by Jove.

Jove heard his pray'r, and from the throne on high
Diſpatch'd his bird, celeſtial augury!

The ſwift-wing'd chaſer of the feather'd game,
And known to gods by Percnos' lofty name.
Wide as appears ſome palace-gate diſplay'd,
So broad, his pinions ſtretch'd their ample ſhade,
As ſtooping dexter with reſounding wings
Th' imperial bird deſcends in airy rings.
A dawn of joy in ev'ry face appears;
The mourning matron dries her tim'rous tears.
Swift on his car th' impatient monarch ſprung;
The brazen portal in his paſſage rung.
The mules preceding draw the loaded wain,
Charg'd with the gifts; Idaeus holds the rein,
The king himſelf his gentle ſteeds controuls,
And thro' ſurrounding friends the chariot rolls.
On his ſlow wheels the following people wait,
Mourn at each ſtep, and give him up to fate,
With hands uplifted, eye him as he paſt,
And gaze upon him, as they gaz'd their laſt.
Now forward fares the father on his way,
Thro' the lone fields, and back to Ilion they.
Great Jove beheld him as he croſs'd the plain,
And felt the woes of miſerable man.
Then thus to Hermes. Thou whoſe conſtant cares
Still ſuccour mortals, and attend their pray'rs;
Behold an object to thy charge conſign'd,
If ever pity touch'd thee for mankind.
Go, guard the ſire; th' obſerving foe prevent,
And ſafe conduct him to Achilles' tent.

The God obeys, his golden pinions binds,
And mounts incumbent on the wings of winds.

That high thro' fields of air his flight ſuſtain,
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundleſs main:
Then graſps the wand that cauſes ſleep to fly,
Or in ſoft ſlumbers ſeals the wakeful eye;
Thus arm'd, ſwift Hermes ſteers his airy way,
And ſtoops on Helleſpont's reſounding ſea.
A beauteous youth, majeſtic and divine,
He ſeem'd, fair offſpring of ſome princely line!
Now twilight veil'd the glaring face of day,
And clad the duſky fields in ſober gray;
What time the herald and the hoary king
Their chariots ſtopping, at the ſilver ſpring
That circling Ilus' ancient marble flows,
Allow'd their mules and ſteeds a ſhort repoſe.
Thro' the dim ſhade the herald firſt eſpies
A man's approach, and thus to Priam cries.
I mark ſome foe's advance: O king! beware;
This hard adventure claims thy utmoſt care:
For much I fear, deſtruction hovers nigh:
Our ſtate aſks counſel; is it beſt to fly?
Or, old and helpleſs, at his feet to fall,
(Two wretched ſuppliants) and for mercy call?
Th' afflicted monarch ſhiver'd with deſpair;
Pale grew his face, and upright ſtood his hair;
Sunk was his heart; his colour went and came;
A ſudden trembling ſhook his aged frame:
When Hermes greeting, touch'd his royal hand,
And gentle, thus accoſts with kind demand.
Say whither, father! when each mortal ſight
Is ſeal'd in ſleep, thou wand'reſt thro' the night?

Why roam thy mules and ſteeds the plains along,
Thro' Grecian foes, ſo num'rous and ſo ſtrong?
What could'ſt thou hope, ſhould theſe thy treaſures view,
Theſe, who with endleſs hate thy race purſue?
For what defence, alas! could'ſt thou provide?
Thy ſelf not young, a weak old man thy guide.
Yet ſuffer not thy ſoul to ſink with dread;
From me, no harm ſhall touch thy rev'rend head;
From Greece I'll guard thee too; for in thoſe lines
The living image of my father ſhines.

Thy words, that ſpeak benevolence of mind
Are true, my ſon! (the god-like ſire rejoin'd)
Great are my hazards; but the gods ſurvey
My ſteps, and ſend thee, guardian of my way.
Hail, and be bleſt! for ſcarce of mortal kind
Appears thy form, thy feature, and thy mind.

Nor true are all thy words, nor erring wide;
(The ſacred meſſenger of heav'n reply'd)
But ſay, convey'ſt thou thro' the lonely plains
What yet moſt precious of thy ſtore remains,
To lodge in ſafety with ſome friendly hand?
Prepar'd, perchance, to leave thy native land.
Or fly'ſt thou now? what hopes can Troy retain?
Thy matchleſs ſon, her guard and glory, ſlain!

The king alarm'd: Say what, and whence thou art,
Who ſearch the ſorrows of a parent's heart,
And know ſo well how god-like Hector dy'd?
Thus Priam ſpoke, and Hermes thus reply'd.

You tempt me, father, and with pity touch:
On this ſad ſubject you enquire too much.

Oft' have theſe eyes that god-like Hector view'd
In glorious fight with Grecian blood embru'd:
I ſaw him, when like Jove his flames he toſt
On thouſand ſhips, and wither'd half an hoſt:
I ſaw, but help'd not: ſtern Achilles' ire
Forbad aſſiſtance, and enjoy'd the fire.
For him I ſerve, of Myrmidonian race;
One ſhip convey'd us from our native place;
Polyctor is my ſire, an honour'd name,
Old like thyſelf, and not unknown to fame;
Of ſev'n his ſons, by whom the lot was caſt
To ſerve our prince, it fell on me, the laſt.
To watch this quarter my adventure falls,
For with the morn the Greeks attack your walls;
Sleepleſs they ſit, impatient to engage,
And ſcarce their rulers check their martial rage.
If then thou art of ſtern Pelides' train,
(The mournful monarch thus rejoin'd again)
Ah tell me truly, where, oh! where are laid
My ſon's dear relics? what befalls him dead?
Have dogs diſmember'd on the naked plains,
Or yet unmangled reſt his cold remains?
O favour'd of the ſkies! (thus anſwer'd then
The Pow'r that mediates between gods and men)
Nor dogs nor vultures have thy Hector rent,
But whole he lies, neglected in the tent:
This the twelfth evening ſince he reſted there,
Untouch'd by worms, untainted by the air.
Still as Aurora's ruddy beam is ſpread,
Round his friend's tomb Achilles drags the dead;

Yet undisfigur'd, or in limb or face,
All fresh he lies, with ev'ry living grace,
Majestical in death! no stains are found
O'er all the corse, and clos'd is ev'ry wound,
(Tho' many a wound they gave) some heav'nly care,
Some hand divine, preserves him ever fair:
Or all the host of heav'n, to whom he led
A life so grateful, still regard him dead.
Thus spoke to Priam the celestial guide,
And joyful thus the royal sire reply'd.
Blest is the man who pays the gods above
The constant tribute of respect and love:
Those who inhabit the Olympian bow'r
My son forgot not, in exalted pow'r;
And heav'n, that ev'ry virtue bears in mind,
Ev'n to the ashes of the just, is kind.
But thou, oh gen'rous youth! this goblet take,
A pledge of gratitude for Hector's sake;
And while the fav'ring gods our steps survey,
Safe to Pelides' tent conduct my way.
To whom the latent God. O king forbear
To tempt my youth, for apt is youth to err:
But can I, absent from my prince's sight,
Take gifts in secret that must shun the light?
What from our master's int'rest thus we draw,
Is but a licens'd theft that 'scapes the law.
Respecting him, my soul abjures th' offence;
And as the crime, I dread the consequence.
Thee, far as Argos, pleas'd I could convey,
Guard of thy life, and partner of thy way.

On thee attend, thy ſafety to maintain,
O'er pathleſs foreſts, or the roaring main.
He ſaid, then took the chariot at a bound,
And ſnatch'd the reins, and whirl'd the laſh around:
Before th' inſpiring God that urg'd them on,
The courſers fly with ſpirit not their own.
And now they reach'd the naval walls, and found
The guards repaſting, while the bowls go round;
On theſe the virtue of his wand he tries,
And pours deep ſlumber on their watchful eyes:
Then heav'd the maſſy gates, remov'd the bars,
And o'er the trenches led the rolling cars.
Unſeen, thro' all the hoſtile camp they went,
And now approach'd Pelides' lofty tent.
Of fir the roof was rais'd, and cover'd o'er
With reeds collected from the marſhy ſhore;
And, fenc'd with paliſades, a hall of ſtate,
(The work of ſoldiers) where the hero ſate.
Large was the door, whoſe well-compacted ſtrength
A ſolid pine-tree barr'd of wond'rous length;
Scarce three ſtrong Greeks could lift its mighty weight,
But great Achilles ſingly clos'd the gate.
This Hermes (ſuch the pow'r of gods) ſet wide;
Then ſwift alighted the celeſtial guide,
And thus, reveal'd——Hear, prince! and underſtand
Thou ow'ſt thy guidance to no mortal hand:
Hermes I am, deſcended from above,
The king of arts, the meſſenger of Jove.
Farewell. To ſhun Achilles' ſight I fly;
Uncommon are ſuch favours of the ſky,
Nor ſtand confeſt to frail mortality.

Now fearleſs enter, and prefer thy pray'rs;
Adjure him by his father's ſilver hairs,
His ſon, his mother! urge him to beſtow
Whatever pity that ſtern heart can know.
Thus having ſaid, he vaniſh'd from his eyes,
And in a moment ſhot into the ſkies:
The king, confirm'd from heav'n, alighted there,
And left his aged herald on the car.
With ſolemn pace thro' various rooms he went,
And found Achilles in his inner tent:
There ſate the hero; Alcimus the brave,
And great Automedon, attendance gave:
Theſe ſerv'd his perſon at the royal feaſt,
Around, at awful diſtance, ſtood the reſt.
Unſeen by theſe, the king his entry made;
And proſtrate now before Achilles laid,
Sudden, (a venerable ſight!) appears;
Embrac'd his knees, and bath'd his hands in tears;
Thoſe direful hands his kiſſes preſt, embru'd
Ev'n with the beſt, the deareſt of his blood!
As when a wretch, (who, conſcious of his crime,
Purſu'd for murder, flies his native clime)
Juſt gains ſome frontier, breathleſs, pale! amaz'd!
All gaze, all wonder: thus Achilles gaz'd:
Thus ſtood th' attendants ſtupid with ſurprize;
All mute, yet ſeem'd to queſtion with their eyes:
Each look'd on other, none the ſilence broke,
Till thus at laſt the kingly ſuppliant ſpoke;
Ah think, thou favour'd of the Pow'rs divine!
Think of thy father's age, and pity mine!

In me, that father's rev'rend image trace,
Thoſe ſilver hairs, that venerable face;
His trembling limbs, his helpleſs perſon, ſee!
In all my equal, but in miſery!
Yet now, perhaps, ſome turn of human fate
Expels him, helpleſs, from his peaceful ſtate;
Think from ſome pow'rful foe thou ſee'ſt him fly,
And beg protection with a feeble cry,
Yet ſtill one comfort in his ſoul may riſe;
He hears his ſon ſtill lives to glad his eyes;
And hearing, ſtill may hope a better day
May ſend him thee, to chaſe that foe away.
No comfort to my griefs, no hopes remain,
The beſt, the braveſt of my ſons are ſlain!
Yet what a race? ere Greece to Ilion came,
The pledge of many a lov'd, and loving dame;
Nineteen one mother bore——Dead, all are dead!
How oft', alas! has wretched Priam bled?
Still one was left, their loſs to recompenſe;
His father's hope, his country's laſt defence.
Him too thy rage has ſlain! beneath thy ſteel,
Unhappy, in his country's cauſe he fell!
For him, thro' hoſtile camps I bent my way,
For him thus proſtrate at thy feet I lay;
Large gifts, proportion'd to thy wrath, I bear;
Oh hear the wretched, and the gods revere!
Think of thy father, and this face behold!
See him in me, as helpleſs and as old!
Tho' not ſo wretched: there he yields to me,
The firſt of men in ſov'reign miſery.

Thus forc'd to kneel, thus grov'ling to embrace
The ſcourge and ruin of my realm and race;
Suppliant my childrens murd'rer to implore,
And kiſs thoſe hands yet reeking with their gore!
  Theſe words ſoft pity in the chief inſpire,
Touch'd with the dear remembrance of his ſire.
Then with his hand (as proſtrate ſtill he lay)
The old man's cheek he gently turn'd away.
Now each by turns indulg'd the guſh of woe;
And now the mingled tides together flow:
This low on earth, that gently bending o'er,
A father one, and one a ſon, deplore:
But great Achilles diff'rent paſſions rend,
And now his ſire he mourns, and now his friend.
Th' infectious ſoftneſs thro' the heroes ran;
One univerſal, ſolemn ſhow'r began;
They bore as heroes, but they felt as man.
  Satiate at length with unavailing woes,
From the high throne divine Achilles roſe;
The rev'rend monarch by the hand he rais'd;
On his white beard and form majeſtic gaz'd,
Not unrelenting: then ſerene began
With words to ſoothe the miſerable man.
  Alas! what weight of anguiſh haſt thou known?
Unhappy prince! thus guardleſs and alone
To paſs thro' foes, and thus undaunted face
The man whoſe fury has deſtroy'd thy race?
Heav'n ſure has arm'd thee with a heart of ſteel,
A ſtrength proportion'd to the woes you feel.
Riſe then: let reaſon mitigate our care:
To mourn, avails not: man is born to bear.

Such is, alas! the gods ſevere decree;
They, only they are bleſt, and only free.
Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever ſtood,
The ſource of evil one, and one of good;
From thence the cup of mortal man he fills,
Bleſſings to theſe, to thoſe diſtributes ills;
To moſt he mingles both: the wretch decreed
To taſte the bad, unmix'd is curſt indeed;
Purſu'd by wrongs, by meagre famine driv'n,
He wanders, outcaſt both of earth and heav'n.
The happieſt taſte not happineſs ſincere,
But find the cordial draught is daſh'd with care.
Who more than Peleus ſhone in wealth and pow'r?
What ſtars concurring bleſt his natal hour?
A realm, a goddeſs, to his wiſhes giv'n,
Grac'd by the gods with all the gifts of heav'n!
One evil yet o'ertakes his lateſt day,
No race ſucceeding to imperial ſway:
One only ſon! and he (alas!) ordain'd
To fall untimely in a foreign land!
See him, in Troy, the pious care decline
Of his weak age, to leave the curſe of thine!
Thou too, old man, haſt happier days beheld;
In riches once, in children once excell'd;
Extended Phrygia own'd thy ample reign,
And all fair Leſbos' bliſsful ſeats contain,
And all wide Helleſpont's unmeaſur'd main.
But ſince the god his hand has pleas'd to turn,
And fill thy meaſure from his bitter urn,
What ſees the ſun, but hapleſs heroes falls?
War, and the blood of men, ſurround thy walls!

What muſt be, muſt be. Bear thy lot, nor ſhed
Theſe unavailing ſorrows o'er the dead;
Thou canſt not call him from the Stygian ſhore,
But thou, alas! may'ſt live to ſuffer more!
To whom the king. O favour'd of the ſkies!
Here let me grow to earth! ſince Hector lies
On the bare beech, depriv'd of obſequies.
O give me Hector! to my eyes reſtore
His corſe, and take the gifts: I aſk no more.
Thou, as thou may'ſt, theſe boundleſs ſtores enjoy;
Safe may'ſt thou ſail, and turn thy wrath from Troy;
So ſhall thy pity and forbearance give
A weak old man to ſee the light and live!
Move me no more (Achilles thus replies,
While kindling anger ſparkled in his eyes)
Nor ſeek by tears my ſteady ſoul to bend;
To yield thy Hector I myſelf intend:
For know, from Jove my Goddeſs-mother came,
(Old Ocean's daughter, ſilver-footed dame)
Nor com'ſt thou but by heav'n; nor com'ſt alone,
Some god impels with courage not thy own:
No human hand the weighty gates unbarr'd,
Nor could the boldeſt of our youth have dar'd
To paſs our out-works, or elude the guard.
Ceaſe; leſt, neglectful of high Jove's command,
I ſhow thee, king! thou tread'ſt on hoſtile land;
Releaſe my knees, thy ſuppliant arts give o'er,
And ſhake the purpoſe of my ſoul no more.
The ſire obey'd him, trembling and o'er-aw'd.
Achilles, like a lion, ruſh'd abroad:

Automedon and Alcimus attend,
(Whom moſt he honour'd, ſince he loſt his friend;)
Theſe to unyoke the mules and horſes went,
And led the hoary herald to the tent;
Next heap'd on high the num'rous preſents bear
(Great Hector's ranſom) from the poliſh'd car.
Two ſplendid mantles, and a carpet ſpread,
They leave; to cover, and inwrap the dead.
Then call the handmaids, with aſſiſtant toil
To waſh the body, and anoint with oil;
Apart from Priam, leſt th' unhappy ſire
Provok'd to paſſion, once more rouze to ire
The ſtern Pelides; and nor ſacred age
Nor Jove's command, ſhould check the riſing rage.
This done, the garments o'er the corſe they ſpread;
Achilles lifts it to the fun'ral bed:
Then, while the body on the car they laid,
He groans, and calls on lov'd Patroclus' ſhade.

If in that gloom, which never light muſt know,
The deeds of mortals touch the ghoſts below;
O friend! forgive me, that I thus fulfill
(Reſtoring Hector) heav'n's unqueſtion'd will.
The gifts the father gave, be ever thine,
To grace thy manes, and adorn thy ſhrine.

He ſaid, and ent'ring, took his ſeat of ſtate,
Where full before him rev'rend Priam ſate:
To whom, compos'd, the godlike chief begun:
Lo! to thy pray'r reſtor'd, thy breathleſs ſon;
Extended on the fun'ral couch he lyes;
And, ſoon as morning paints the eaſtern ſkies,
The ſight is granted to thy longing eyes.

But now the peaceful hours of ſacred night
Demand refection, and to reſt invite:
Nor thou, O father! thus conſum'd with woe,
The common cares that nouriſh life forego.
Not this did Niobe, of form divine,
A parent once, whoſe ſorrows equall'd thine:
Six youthful ſons, as many blooming maids,
In one ſad day beheld the Stygian ſhades;
Theſe by Apollo's ſilver bow were ſlain,
Thoſe Cynthia's arrows ſtretch'd upon the plain.
So was her pride chaſtis'd by wrath divine,
Who match'd her own with bright Latona's line;
But two the Goddeſs, twelve the queen enjoy'd;
Thoſe boaſted twelve th' avenging two deſtroy'd.
Steep'd in their blood, and in the duſt outſpread,
Nine days neglected lay expos'd the dead;
None by to weep them, to inhume them none;
(For Jove had turn'd the nation all to ſtone;)
The gods themſelves at length relenting, gave
Th' unhappy race the honours of a grave.
Herſelf a rock, (for ſuch was heav'n's high will)
Through deſarts wild now pours a weeping rill;
Where round the bed whence Acheloüs ſprings,
The wat'ry fairies dance in mazy rings,
There high on Sipylus his ſhaggy brow,
She ſtands her own ſad monument of woe;
The rock for ever laſts, the tears for ever flow.
Such griefs, O king! have other parents known;
Remember theirs, and mitigate thy own.
The care of heav'n thy Hector has appear'd,
Nor ſhall he lye unwept, and uninterr'd;

Soon may thy aged cheeks in tears be drown'd,
And all the eyes of Ilion ſtream around.

He ſaid; and, riſing, choſe the victim ewe
With ſilver fleece, which his attendants ſlew.
The limbs they ſever from the reeking hide,
With ſkill prepare them, and in parts divide:
Each on the coals the ſep'rate morſels lays,
And haſty ſnatches from the riſing blaze.
With bread the glitt'ring caniſters they load,
Which round the board Automedon beſtow'd:
The chief himſelf to each his portion plac'd,
And each indulging ſhar'd his ſweet repaſt.
When now the rage of hunger was repreſt,
The wond'ring hero eyes his royal gueſt:
No leſs the royal gueſt the hero eyes,
His god-like aſpect and majeſtic ſize;
Here, youthful grace and noble fire engage,
And there, the mild benevolence of age.
Thus gazing long, the ſilence neither broke,
(A ſolemn ſcene!) at length the father ſpoke:

Permit me now, belov'd of Jove! to ſteep
My careful temples in the dew of ſleep:
For ſince the day that number'd with the dead
My hapleſs ſon, the duſt has been my bed,
Soft ſleep a ſtranger to my weeping eyes,
My only food my ſorrows and my ſighs!
Till now, encourag'd by the grace you give,
I ſhare thy banquet, and conſent to live.

With that, Achilles bad prepare the bed,
With purple ſoft, and ſhaggy carpets ſpread;

Forth, by the flaming lights, they bend their way,
And place the couches, and the cov'rings lay.
Then he: Now, father, ſleep; but ſleep not here:
Conſult thy ſafety, and forgive my fear,
Leſt any Argive (at this hour awake,
To aſk our counſel, or our orders take)
Approaching ſudden to our open'd tent,
Perchance behold thee, and our grace prevent.
Should ſuch report thy honour'd perſon here,
The king of men the ranſom might defer:
But ſay with ſpeed if aught of thy deſire
Remains unaſk'd: what time the rites require
T'inter thy Hector? for ſo long we ſtay
Our ſlaught'ring arm, and bid the hoſts obey.
If then thy will permit (the monarch ſaid)
To finiſh all due honours to the dead,
This, of thy grace, accord: to thee are known
The fears of Ilion, clos'd within her town,
And at what diſtance from her walls aſpire
The hills of Ide, and foreſts for the fire.
Nine days to vent our ſorrows I requeſt,
The tenth ſhall ſee the fun'ral and the feaſt;
The next, to raiſe his monument be giv'n;
The twelfth we war, if war be doom'd by heav'n!
This thy requeſt (reply'd the chief) enjoy:
Till then, our arms ſuſpend the fall of Troy.
Then gave his hand at parting, to prevent
The old man's fears, and turn'd within the tent;
Where fair Briſeïs bright in blooming charms
Expects her hero with deſiring arms.

But in the porch the king and herald reſt,
Sad dreams of care yet wand'ring in their breaſt.
Now gods and men the gifts of ſleep partake;
Induſtrious Hermes only was awake,
The king's return revolving in his mind,
To paſs the ramparts, and the watch to blind.
The pow'r deſcending, hover'd o'er his head:
And ſleep'ſt thou father! (thus the viſion ſaid)
Now doſt thou ſleep, when Hector is reſtor'd?
Nor fear the Grecian foes, nor Grecian lord?
Thy preſence here ſhould ſtern Atrides ſee,
Thy ſtill-ſurviving ſons may ſue for thee,
May offer all thy treaſures yet contain,
To ſpare thy age; and offer all in vain!

Wak'd with the word, the trembling ſire aroſe,
And rais'd his friend: the God before him goes,
He joins the mules, directs them with his hand,
And moves in ſilence through the hoſtile land.
When now to Xanthus' yellow ſtream they drove,
(Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove)
The winged deity forſook their view,
And in a moment to Olympus flew.
Now ſhed Aurora round her ſaffron ray,
Sprung through the gates of light, and gave the day:
Charg'd with their mournful load, to Ilion go
The ſage and king, majeſtically ſlow.
Caſſandra firſt beholds, from Ilion's ſpire,
The ſad proceſſion of her hoary ſire,
Then, as the penſive pomp advanc'd more near,
Her breathleſs brother ſtretch'd upon the bier:

A ſhow'r of tears o'erflows her beauteous eyes,
Alarming thus all Ilion with her cries:
Turn here your ſteps, and here your eyes employ,
Ye wretched daughters, and ye ſons of Troy!
If e'er ye ruſh'd in crouds, with vaſt delight
To hail your hero glorious from the fight;
Now meet him dead, and let your ſorrows flow!
Your common triumph, and your common woe.
In thronging crouds they iſſue to the plains,
Nor man, nor woman in the walls remains,
In ev'ry face the ſelf-ſame grief is ſhown,
And Troy ſends forth one univerſal groan.
At Scaea's gates they meet the mourning wain,
Hang on the wheels, and grovel round the ſlain.
The wife and mother, frantic with deſpair,
Kiſs his pale cheek, and rend their ſcatter'd hair:
Thus wildly wailing, at the gates they lay;
And there had ſigh'd and ſorrow'd out the day;
But god-like Priam from the chariot roſe:
Forbear (he cry'd) this violence of woes,
Firſt to the palace let the car proceed,
Then pour your boundleſs ſorrows o'er the dead.
The waves of people at his word divide,
Slow rolls the chariot thro' the following tide;
Ev'n to the palace the ſad pomp they wait:
They weep, and place him on the bed of ſtate.
A melancholy choir attend around,
With plaintive ſighs and muſic's ſolemn ſound:
Alternately they ſing, alternate flow
Th' obedient tears, melodious in their woe.

While deeper ſorrows groan from each full heart,
And nature ſpeaks at ev'ry pauſe of art.

Firſt to the corſe the weeping conſort flew;
Around his neck her milk-white arms ſhe threw,
And oh my Hector! oh my lord! ſhe cries,
Snatch'd in thy bloom from theſe deſiring eyes!
Thou to the diſmal realms forever gone!
And I abandon'd, deſolate, alone!
An only ſon, once comfort of our pains,
Sad product now of hapleſs love remains!
Never to manly age that ſon ſhall riſe,
Or with encreaſing graces glad my eyes:
For Ilion now (her great defender ſlain,)
Shall ſink, a ſmoaking ruin on the plain.
Who now protects her wives with guardian care?
Who ſaves her infants from the rage of war?
Now hoſtile fleets muſt waft thoſe infants o'er,
(Thoſe wives muſt wait them) to a foreign ſhore!
Thou too, my ſon! to barb'rous climes ſhalt go,
The ſad companion of thy mother's woe;
Driv'n hence a ſlave before the victor's ſword;
Condemn'd to toil for ſome inhuman lord.
Or elſe ſome Greek whoſe father preſs'd the plain,
Or ſon, or brother, by great Hector ſlain;
In Hector's blood his vengeance ſhall enjoy,
And hurl thee headlong from the tow'rs of Troy.
For thy ſtern father never ſpar'd a foe:
Thence all theſe tears, and all this ſcene of woe!
Thence many evils his ſad parents bore,
His parents many, but his conſort more.

Why gav'ſt thou not to me thy dying hand?
And why receiv'd not I thy laſt command?
Some word thou wouldſt have ſpoke, which ſadly dear,
My ſoul might keep, or utter with a tear;
Which never, never could be loſt in air,
Fix'd in my heart, and oft repeated there!
Thus to her weeping maids ſhe makes her moan;
Her weeping handmaids echo groan for groan.
The mournful mother next ſuſtains her part:
O thou the beſt, the deareſt to my heart!
Of all my race thou moſt by heav'n approv'd,
And by th' immortals ev'n in death belov'd!
While all my other ſons in barb'rous bands
Achilles bound, and ſold to foreign lands,
This felt no chains, but went a glorious ghoſt,
Free, and a hero to the Stygian coaſt.
Sentenc'd, 'tis true, by his inhuman doom,
Thy noble corſe was dragg'd around the tomb,
(The tomb of him thy warlike arm had ſlain)
Ungen'rous inſult, impotent and vain!
Yet glow'ſt thou freſh, with ev'ry living grace,
No mark of pain, or violence of face;
Roſy and fair! as Phoebus' ſilver bow
Diſmiſs'd thee gently to the ſhades below.
Thus ſpoke the dame, and melted into tears.
Sad Helen next in pomp of grief appears:
Faſt from the ſhining ſluices of her eyes
Fall the round cryſtal drops, while thus ſhe cries:
Ah deareſt friend! in whom the gods had join'd
The mildeſt manners with the braveſt mind!

Now twice ten years (unhappy years) are o'er
Since Paris brought me to the Trojan ſhore;
(Oh had I periſh'd, e'er that form divine
Seduc'd this ſoft, this eaſy heart of mine!)
Yet was it ne'er my fate, from thee to find
A deed ungentle, or a word unkind:
When others curs'd th' auth'reſs of their woe,
Thy pity check'd my ſorrows in their flow:
If ſome proud brother ey'd me with diſdain,
Or ſcornful ſiſter with her ſweeping train,
Thy gentle accents ſoften'd all my pain.
For thee I mourn; and mourn myſelf in thee,
The wretched ſource of all this miſery!
The fate I caus'd, forever I bemoan;
Sad Helen has no friend now thou art gone!
Thro' Troy's wide ſtreets abandon'd ſhall I roam,
In Troy deſerted, as abhorr'd at home!
So ſpoke the fair, with ſorrow-ſtreaming eye:
Diſtreſsful beauty melts each ſtander-by;
On all around th' infectious ſorrow grows;
But Priam check'd the torrent as it roſe.
Perform, ye Trojans! what the rites require,
And fell the foreſts for a fun'ral pyre:
Twelve days nor foes, nor ſecret ambuſh dread;
Achilles grants theſe honours to the dead.
He ſpoke; and at his word the Trojan train
Their mules and oxen harneſs to the wain,
Pour thro' the gates, and fell'd from Ida's crown,
Roll'd back the gather'd foreſts to the town.
Theſe toils continue nine ſucceeding days,
And high in air a ſilver ſtructure raiſe.

But when the tenth fair morn began to ſhine,
Forth to the pile was born the man divine,
And plac'd aloft: while all, with ſtreaming eyes,
Beheld the flames and rolling ſmokes ariſe.
Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
With roſy luſtre ſtreak'd the dewy lawn;
Again the mournful crouds ſurround the pyre,
And quench with wine the yet remaining fire.
The ſnowy bones his friends and brothers place
(With tears collected) in a golden vaſe!
The golden vaſe in purple palls they roll'd,
Of ſofteſt texture, and inwrought with gold.
Laſt o'er the urn the ſacred earth they ſpread,
And rais'd the tomb, memorial of the dead.
(Strong guards and ſpies, till all the rites were done,
Watch'd from the riſing to the ſetting ſun)
All Troy then moves to Priam's court again,
A ſolemn, ſilent, melancholy train:
Aſſembled there, from pious toils they reſt,
And ſadly ſhar'd the laſt ſepulchral feaſt.
Such honours Ilion to her hero paid,
And peaceful ſlept the mighty Hector's ſhade.

FINIS.